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HOW TO SPEAK

HOW TO SPEAK

EXERCISES IN VOICE CULTURE

AND ARTICULATION

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE POEMS

BY

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To my Mother
whose voice in story and song
has ever been an
inspiration

PREFACE

Most of the excellent books on Voice Culture which have been published deal with the subject from the viewpoint of the singer. Our aim is to improve the speaking voice; therefore the emphasis is put on that side of the matter.

In all the discussions and exercises relating to articulation work, the necessity for the right mental attitude of the speaker toward his audience has been stressed. The obligation to make himself heard, and a real sympathy with the audience, should be felt by everyone, whether he is speaking in a large hall, a schoolroom or a drawing-room; and the majority of teachers recognize the importance of combining this feeling of responsibility with the mechanical drills.

The foundation for the work outlined here is built, mainly, upon the technical courses at Emerson College of Oratory in Boston; and the writer's experience in platform reading and teaching in grade work, as well as in teachers' college classes, has proved the value of the practice involved.

This book has been written in response to the request of many teachers in the public schools for a definite outline of work to develop the correct use of the voice and distinct articulation. It shows the logical order of the drills used every day in the Public Speaking classroom at the Rhode Island College of Education. Its simplicity makes it prac-

tical as a textbook for use in the grammar grades, as well as in high schools and colleges.

The poems chosen to illustrate the exercises are peculiarly fitted for drill upon the points one wishes to emphasize in each case. Many of them express strong emotion and are intended to arouse feeling in the speaker, a measure which helps to develop the desired quality and strength in the voice. While some of them are better for adults, most of them are appropriate for use in the four upper grades in school. Many would do for any one of these grades; but where a classification is advisable, their order helps,—the simpler ones for the fifth and sixth grades coming first in each group.

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Charles Scribner's Sons: "One, Two, Three," by H. C. Bunner; "The Night Wind," "Little Blue Pigeon," "Rock-a-By-Lady," and "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field. Edwin Markham: "Lincoln, the Man of the People" and "France in Battle Flame." G. P. Putnam's Sons: "Each in His Own Tongue," by William H. Caruth. Bobbs-Merrill Company: "The Brook," by James Whitcomb Riley. Dodge Publishing Company: "How Did You Die?" by Edmund Vance Cooke. Barse and Hopkins: "Young Fellow, My Lad," from "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," by Robert W. Service. A. P. Watt and Son, London, and Doubleday, Page and Company, New York: "If," by Rudyard Kipling. Reilly and Lee Company: "The Silver Stripes," by Edgar A. Guest. Rand, McNally Company: "A Lullaby," from "The Spirit of Democracy," by G. R. Glasgow. Frederick A. Stokes Company: "Slave and Emperor," from "The New Morning," by Alfred Noyes. Hilda Morris: "The Little Towns." The Macmillan Company: "Belgium, the Bar-Lass," from "Poems of the Great War," by Madame Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). Harper and Brothers: "The Knights," from "The Heart of New England," by Abby Farwell Brown.

CONTENTS

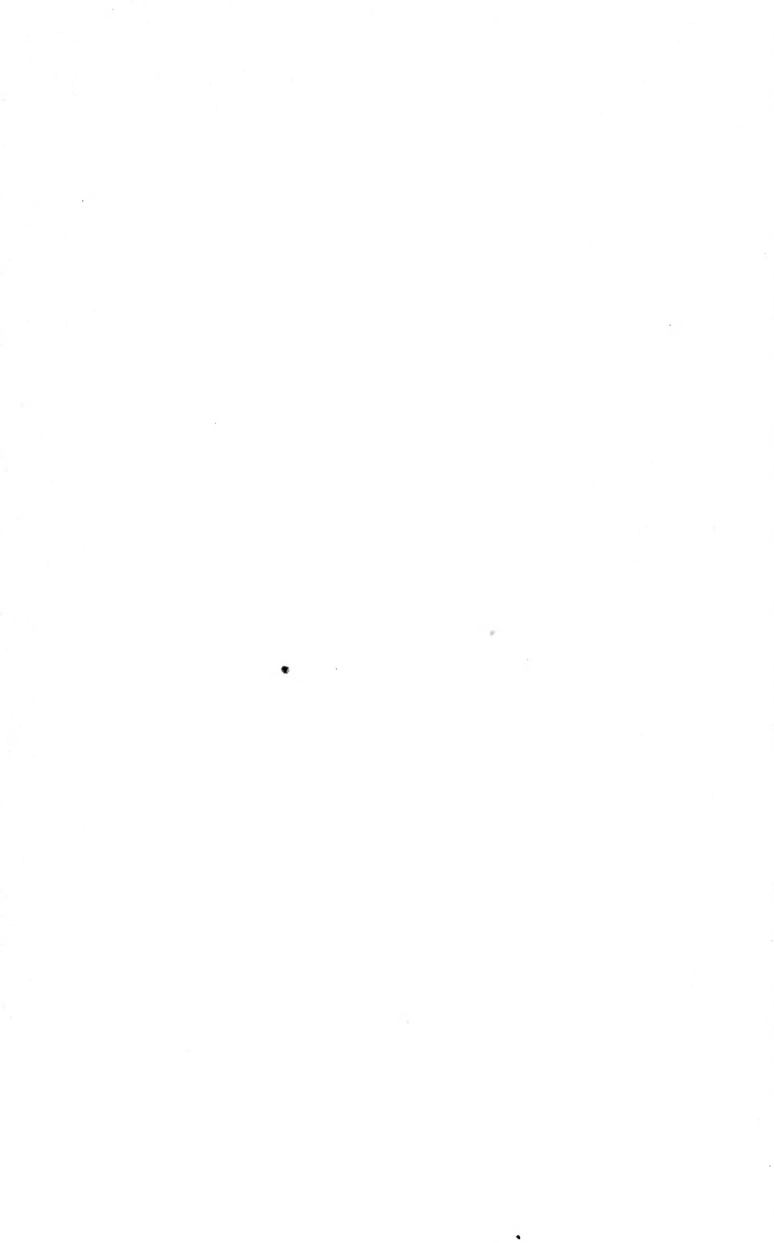
Preface	vii
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PART I VOICE CULTURE

CHAPTER	PAGE
Introduction	3
I Correct Posture for Speaking	11
II Breathing Exercises	14
III Tone Direction	20
IV Quality Tests	36
V Radiation	55
VI Force	79
VII Volume, Pitch and Slide	92
VIII Pause, Rhythm and Time	102

PART II ARTICULATION

IX Articulation Exercises	111
X Vowels	125
XI Consonants	136
XII Practice	156



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PART I
VOICE CULTURE

HOW TO SPEAK

INTRODUCTION

The term Voice Culture is generally construed to mean a special line of training for a favored few who are gifted with the power to sing. Many people do not realize that the same training that improves singing would be beneficial to all voices. The fact that one speaks infinitely more often than he sings ought to prove the need of extending vocal training beyond the narrow bounds within which it is usually limited.

A speaker's success depends largely upon his ability to make himself heard, and upon the flexibility and quality of his voice. It might be supposed that a thorough understanding of the purpose of the subject-matter, the sympathy and interest involved, and an earnest desire to give it to others would produce these results; and it is true that a conscious effort to make the voice radiate is back of all successful oral expression.

One has only to go to clubs, teachers' institutes and other public gatherings to find that the average speaker is seldom heard distinctly beyond the first few rows of seats, if the hall is large. He talks *at* rather than *to* the audience, with no apparent recog-

dition of the space he must cover; and the people, instead of concentrating their attention upon what he is saying, have to strain every nerve in order to hear. If such a speaker would take the pains to look at his audience he could see this agony of effort in the tense expressions of the faces before him. The air is fairly bristling with unspoken questions, and those who are not vitally interested in the subject finally give up in despair and begin to think or even to talk of something else.

But even the most earnest desire to be heard is often ineffective because of handicaps originating in lack of breath, contraction of the throat muscles, poor articulation, and incorrect pronunciation and placing of the speech sounds; therefore some education relating to the correction of these faults is necessary.

The purpose of the work outlined here is to develop the voice as a means of expression. The procedure is almost identical with that followed by any teacher of singing. The average speaking voice is seldom raised above medium E-flat, and usually cannot go lower than two octaves below that pitch; so, while our object is to establish the singing quality in the speaking voice, much of the drill comes upon the middle and lower tones. But some of the best authorities on the development of the speaking voice believe that a speaker should not think of his range being limited, and that he may add richness and variety to the ordinary low conversational tones by working upward in his practice to the highest pitch he can possibly reach.

The average person looks surprised when he is

told to use his voice for speaking in the same way that he does for singing. Many singers do not do this, and while their singing tone is pure, liquid and musical, their speaking voices are often husky, rasping and metallic.

Because the low tones are less conspicuous than the high ones, the public tolerates a quality in the speaker's voice that they could not endure in a singer's; but unpleasant voices in the school and in the home wear upon the nerves of listeners, whether they are aware of it or not. Many mothers and teachers who wonder at the restlessness of children near the close of the day might find the explanation in the quality of their own voices. Foreigners often remark upon this, criticizing the American voice as high-pitched and rasping, nasal and strident, croaking and thick.

These faults, of which many of us may be justly accused, can be corrected if one fixes in his mind the quality he wishes to imitate, and then by diligent practice keeps up the drill that will bring about the desired change; but it is absolutely useless to work without a definite quality in mind, an understanding of the nature of the fault to be corrected and of what each exercise is expected to accomplish.

Not only does the wrong use of the voice produce unpleasant tones, but it is injurious to the larynx and the membranes of the throat. Thousands of speakers, including ministers and teachers, go to specialists every year for relief from hoarseness and sore throat caused by the wrong use of the voice. The doctors find the membranes inflamed

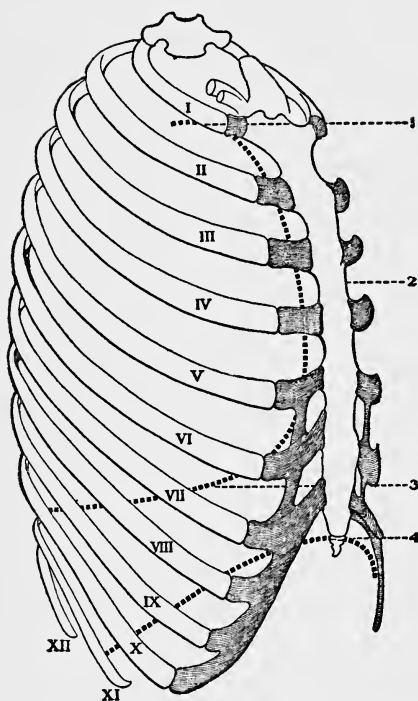
and the muscular formations enlarged and flabby. These conditions can be cured temporarily, but they are bound to return unless the cause is removed.

Usually the doctor advises the patient to learn to use his voice correctly. Many colds which settle in the throat and bronchial tubes might be avoided if the membranes were not already badly irritated and inflamed at the time the germ is developed. Long experience teaches those who have to speak a good deal that it is a matter of both economy and comfort to use the voice in the right way.

The difference between pleasant and unpleasant voices lies in the way they are produced. The instrument of voice consists of three distinct parts which work together. These parts are the lungs, the organ of breath; the larynx, the organ of tone; and the resonance chambers, including the cavity of the throat, the cavity of the mouth, the nares, and the cavity of the chest, all of which reinforce tone.

The perfect tone in both speaking and singing is produced, to a great extent, by the vibrations of the vocal cords caused by waves of air passing over them, and by correct tone-placement. The prevalent harsh, metallic tone is the result of "forcing the voice." It is done by contracting the muscles of the throat in such a way as to prevent a normal vibration of the vocal cords and to obstruct the breath, very little of which is used in such cases.

For the correct production of tone, it is desirable that the speaker take but little breath into his lungs at a time, but what he takes must be controlled so there will be an even, steady stream flow-



POSITION OF THE LUNGS, DIAPHRAGM, STERNUM AND RIBS, WHEN
IN REPOSE JUST AFTER EXHALATION

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Upper part of lungs. | 3. Lower edge of lungs. |
| 2. Sternum. | 4. Diaphragm. |

The dark portions of the ribs near the sternum are cartilage formations. Note the close attachment of ribs 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 to the sternum; the loose attachment of ribs 6 and 7, caused by the curved shape and the long cartilage formation at the joint; that 8, 9 and 10 are not attached to the sternum at all; and that 11 and 12 are floating or unattached in front.

ing over the vocal cords. Therefore a new point is to be established in breathing,—the sensation of *breath control*.

Involved in the act of breathing are the intercostal muscles, connecting the ribs; the dorsal muscles, extending from the dorsal vertebrae and controlling the adjacent ribs; the abdominal wall, protecting the abdomen; the chest muscles, sometimes called thoracic muscles, which control the breastbone or sternum, and extend downward, interlacing with other external lower-rib muscles; and the diaphragm, the muscular partition between the thorax and the abdominal cavity, which is connected with the ribs.

The twelve ribs are attached to the spine, and their position is determined to a considerable extent by its action. Seven of them are attached to the sternum, which easily controls the first five. This upper portion of the torso is commonly spoken of as the chest. The other two ribs of this group are so loosely attached to the sternum, and curve downward so much, that they act quite independently. Of the five ribs below the sternum, three are joined respectively to the seventh rib and to each other. The last two are unattached in front.

When one inhales a breath the entire set of ribs should be pushed outward to increase the space about the lungs and allow them to be filled to their greatest extent. The chest muscles control the five upper ribs with the sternum; the others are moved outward and upward by the interaction of the diaphragm and the upper abdominal, the thoracic and the dorsal muscles.

These muscles interlace with such complexity that it is difficult to say which ones are most active in doing the work. One must have in his mind a picture of the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles pushing the lower ribs outward and upward, while at the same time the dorsal muscles and those extending downward from the thorax are pulling them from the outside. During this process the diaphragm, which was originally dome-shaped, has flattened itself with the lifting of the ribs and lies tense and firm between the rib walls. Until recently the theory was that the intercostal muscles had a powerful influence upon these movements, but that is no longer believed by the leading authorities.

As the breath is exhaled under normal conditions, the chest muscles still hold the sternum away from the lungs to allow for rapid refilling; but the lower ribs, which are not easily controlled by the sternum, drop inward and downward, and the diaphragm relaxes its tension and again becomes dome-shaped. These movements force the air out of the lungs all at once.

In "deep breathing," for health exercises or for other purposes, the lifting of the lower ribs should be done by the muscles controlling them and should be quite independent of the pressure caused by the filling of the lungs. Their inward and downward movement should be assisted by a strong gripping of the muscles. A breath may be inhaled at the time the ribs are lifted outward and upward, and it may be exhaled at the time the ribs are drawn inward and downward, but its action must not be allowed to influence the action of the ribs.

One who wishes to control the breath for speaking or singing must not allow the ribs to force the air out of the lungs all at once, but must prevent the lung-space from closing in by pushing out against the tendency of the ribs to move inward. Then the diaphragm is kept stretched between the sides of the wall-cavity to help support the tone. The vibration of this powerful muscle, caused by the gripping inward movement of the upper abdominal and the dorsal muscles, sends the breath upward from the lungs gradually or violently, as one wishes. Breath control depends, therefore, upon having a sufficient cavity for the lungs and upon measuring the outgoing stream so skilfully that there will always be a steady, even stream flowing over the vocal cords to produce tone. The twofold object of the following exercises is to create and control this space and to teach the art of measuring the breath.

CHAPTER I

CORRECT POSTURE FOR SPEAKING

When beginning to speak or sing, whether for practice or for an audience, the body must be in perfect position. This is necessary, not only because it is healthful and allows the muscles to work to better advantage, but because it has a decided effect upon the audience, giving the impression of alertness, mental and bodily poise, interest and authority. Whether one is talking to children or to adults, he finds a definite response if his body expresses strength, freedom and grace. So important are these details that some attention should be given to them here.

One should stand erect, with lightness and animation, as if upheld by some buoyant spirit. The head should be directly above the shoulders, not shot forward at an ugly slant; the ribs should be held forward; the shoulders should be free and not held stiffly back, with the arms hanging easily at the sides; the abdomen should be in; the hips back; the weight resting on the balls of the feet; heels together and just touching the floor; toes pointing outward at an angle of about sixty degrees. The ear, the point of the shoulder, the point of the hip and the arch of the foot should be in line.

Round shoulders cannot be corrected by "pulling the shoulders back"; one should push the sternum forward, taking care not to bend the back inward at the waist. To relieve the tension which causes this curve one may bend the knees, or bend forward at the waist, limply, and then gradually straighten the spine. The shoulder-blades will drop into place if the chest is in the right position. No part of the body should be tense; naturalness and freedom are necessary at all times.

For speaking or singing, one foot should be a little in advance of the other, the instep of the foot behind just touching the heel of the one in front. One should practice taking this position in front of a mirror till it comes naturally. It is very ungraceful to drop down with one hip projecting and one foot dragging off at the side or back, as if it were unrelated to the rest of the body. One can come to the correct position on three counts: heels together on 1; step forward a little on 2; bring the backward foot forward so as to touch the other on 3. Do this in front of a mirror and note the correct position. Shut the eyes and sense it. Step back from this position and then take it again with the eyes shut. Look in the mirror again to see that it is right. Repeat this process many times till you are able to do it mechanically.

This stepping forward should occur when one begins to speak. It suggests a desire to give, and is also an unspoken demand for attention from the audience, to which they unconsciously respond. A man usually takes a broader base than a woman, but he should poise forward just the same.

CORRECT POSTURE FOR SPEAKING 13

It is just as necessary to walk well as to stand well. A teacher in a well-known French school has said: "Nothing gives such an impression of dignity, grace, and breeding as does a correct walk. It shows energy, decision of character, self-control and proper self-esteem." The body should be held in the same erect, buoyant posture as for standing. With each step the weight should fall on the ball of the foot, but the heel should strike simultaneously. The movement should come from the hips, the muscles of the legs acting independently of those above the waist; the head and shoulders should take no part in the affair. If the body is held buoyantly, the legs may swing forward freely, with but little bending at the knee, and the head and shoulders do not bob up and down in the ungraceful manner so often seen.

In sitting and rising, the body should be lowered and raised by the muscles of one leg, a little back of the other, avoiding any ugly contortions of the shoulders and the back. The chest should be forward and the head up, as in other bodily movements. One should aim to conserve muscular energy and make his motions as inconspicuous as possible; for the less attention he attracts to himself, the more the audience will give to what he says.

Correct posture is absolutely necessary to breath-control. If the chest is held outward beyond the abdomen, one can get a better purchase upon the muscles of the ribs when he wishes to hold them out to keep the lung-space from closing.

CHAPTER II

BREATHING EXERCISES

I. Exercise for Creating Space About the Lungs

1. Take a correct position and exercise the muscles controlling the lower ribs by drawing them inward and downward and then moving them out again, without any help from the breath. This makes them flexible, strong and responsive. In order to keep the movement steady and rhythmic one should draw them in on eight counts and then move them out again on eight counts. One should have a mental picture of this action. Practice before a mirror helps.

2. Exercise the chest muscles by dropping the sternum inward, making the chest perfectly flat and then lifting it again, making the expansion as large as possible. This strengthens them and helps to isolate their action from that of the muscles lower down.

3. Inhale a comfortable breath and, after holding it an instant, exhale it slowly, keeping the chest out, but drawing the lower ribs inward. This also helps to isolate the action of the chest muscles and enables them to hold the chest in a permanent outward position.

Many people lift the chest and the shoulders up

when they inhale, and lower them when they exhale. Such movements draw the lower ribs inward and downward and close the space there, making it practically impossible to fill the lower part of the lungs. They also take away the power of resistance in the muscles and prevent a strong control of the diaphragm. The upper ribs and the sternum should be stationary during inhalation and exhalation. The lower ribs should move inward and outward more than they do up and down.

If it is difficult to isolate the action of the chest, one may imagine that it is made of bisque or some other hard substance, and that the body below it is made of rubber or anything else that is soft and pliable. Then, when he breathes in and out, he can get the idea of the impossibility of any movement of the chest. One can get this idea also by lying flat on the back, thus placing the chest in a position where it cannot drop inward. If one watches the breathing of babies, cats or dogs, he will see that they do not move the chest.

4. Practice the panting exercise. Taking care to hold the ribs out all the time, draw the breath in and let it out quickly as the dog pants. This helps to keep in mind the exact location of the diaphragm and to isolate its action.

I. Exercises for Controlling and Measuring the Breath

1. Inhale, hold the breath an instant, then exhale, using the syllable s-s-s-s-s-s. As one inhales he should move the ribs out forcibly, to increase the space, and then hold them out as the breath es-

capas. This controls the action of the diaphragm to a great extent by keeping it flat. By thus preventing the lung space from closing in, one allows the breath to go out gradually. This not only furnishes air for the production of tone, but keeps it firm and steady, instead of letting it tremble and weaken as it often does when the breath is let out without control.

2. Inhale, hold the breath an instant, and then exhale on t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t. This is a little more difficult than the hissing sound, because with the beginning of each syllable there is a tendency to move the ribs inward; and one must use more effort to keep them out.

3. Inhale, hold the breath an instant, and then exhale, counting 1, 2, 3, 4, consciously measuring the breath so that it will last to the end of the counts.

Repeat the exercise several times, taking care that the breath is entirely gone on the fourth count. Then gradually increase the counts till you are able to count twenty on one breath.

Then take long sentences, having twenty or more syllables, and measure the breath to make it hold out to the end. Lines with many one-syllable words are good, as they resemble the counts. Look ahead all the time, thinking of the need of letting out only a little breath on each word, and of holding the ribs firm to keep the space about the lungs and so control the action of the diaphragm.

Say: "And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears, when he leaps from the water to the land."

Say: "Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, because you have scaled the wall, such an old mustache as I am is not a match for you all?"

We choose sentences as soon as possible, because we wish to combine the mechanical exercise with the expression of thought, and so establish the habit of measuring the breath during ordinary speech. There is no particular virtue in holding the breath so long, usually, for one is able to take in new breath frequently during most speeches, but one should be able to do it in an emergency.

III. Exercise for Replenishing the Breath Quickly and Often

Choose some stanza or paragraph which affords frequent opportunities for taking new breath. Inhale a comfortable breath, pushing out against the ribs at the same time. As you begin to speak, hold the ribs out, keeping the space as great as possible, so as to allow for a quick intake of breath when a pause occurs.

The dorsal and the upper abdominal muscles should be drawn inward gradually, as their action affects the diaphragm and helps to send the breath upward.

One should breathe through the mouth at such times. In places where the pause is so slight as to make it difficult to draw in a good breath, one can get a little by pushing outward against the lower ribs. By creating a little more space, one allows breath to enter the lungs. One should practice these movements a good deal, as the tendency of a

speaker is to impoverish himself, when he might be taking in all the breath he needs.

The following poems may be used as breathing exercises:

FLAG O' MY LAND

Up to the breeze of the morning I fling you,
Blending your folds with the dawn in the sky;
There let the people behold you, and bring you
Love and devotion that never shall die.
Proudly agaze at your glory, I stand,
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Standard most glorious! banner of beauty!
Whither you beckon me there will I go,
Only to you, after God, is my duty;
Unto no other allegiance I owe.
Heart of me, soul of me, yours to command,
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean,
Though of strange nations we get our increase,
Here are your worshippers one in devotion,
Whether the bugles blow battle or peace.
Take us and make us your patriot band,
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Now to the breeze of the morning I give you.
Ah! but the days when the staff will be bare!
Teach us to see you and love you and live you
When the light fades and your folds are not there.
Dwell in the hearts that are yours to command,
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

—*Thomas A. Daly.*

THE FLAG SPEAKS

I am whatever you make me, nothing more.
But always I am all that you hope to be and have the
courage to try for.
I am song and fear, struggle and panic and ennobling
hope.
I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest
dream of the most daring.
I am the constitution and the courts, statutes and statute-makers,
soldier and dreadnought, drayman
and street-sweep, cook, counselor and clerk.
I am no more than you believe me to be.
My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your
labors. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is
well that you glory in the making.

—*Franklin K. Lane.*

(Taken from "The Flag-makers.")

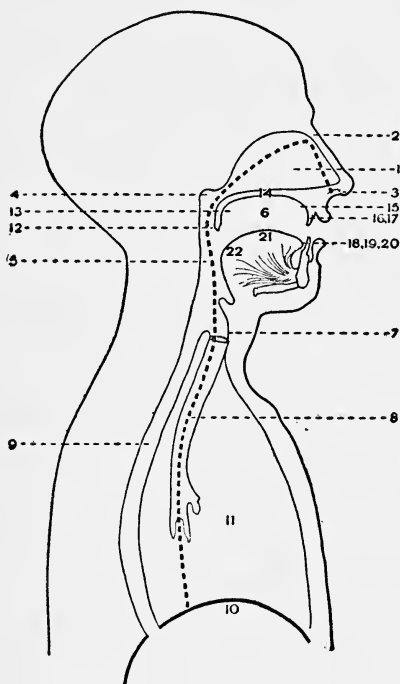
CHAPTER III

-tone Direction

The larynx is the organ of tone. The correct fundamental tone is produced by sending a stream of air from the lungs over the vocal cords. But this fundamental tone is enlarged and enriched by overtones which are gathered in the various resonance chambers. Much tone color is added by thought and feeling. However, many people of fine feeling and keen intellect do not have expressive voices because they do not produce them correctly, thus depriving them of two most important properties, quality and power.

For good results, the throat must be relaxed and open; to keep it so, one should forget all about it and think of the tone-production as beginning at the diaphragm and ending at the nostrils. One of the most important things to consider is this connection between the starting place of the breath and the focal point of the tone. Having established the sensation of breath-control, the next step to consider is the habit of tone-direction. The theory is to direct the tone through the resonance chambers in such a way as to enable it to gain all the overtones possible.

When one is directing the tone he must be care-



POSITIONS OF RESONANCE CHAMBERS, DIAPHRAGM
AND ORGANS OF SPEECH

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Nares or upper resonance chamber. | 11. Lung space. |
| 2. Highest point in narial arch. | 12. Uvula. |
| 3. Nostrils. | 13. Soft palate. |
| 4. Upper pharynx. | 14. Hard palate. |
| 5. Lower pharynx. | 15. Upper gum. |
| 6. Cavity of mouth. | 16, 17. Upper teeth and upper lip. |
| 7. Larynx. | 18, 19, 20. Tip of tongue, lower teeth and lower lip. |
| 8. Trachea or windpipe. | 21. Top of tongue. |
| 9. Æsophagus or food canal. | 22. Back of tongue. |
| 10. Diaphragm. | |

ful that it reaches the highest point in the nasal arch, before dropping to the nostrils. The upper resonance chamber adds immeasurably to the quality of the tone, because of the overtones which are gathered there. Note the direction of the dotted line in the diagram on page 21.

Get a mental picture of the breath starting from the lower portions of the lungs, near the diaphragm and spurting upward, fountain-like, to the bridge of the nose, then dropping to the nostrils. One can feel the warmth of the breath in its passage through these chambers and can easily sense its direction. We should think of the tone as being borne along on the breath to the nostrils.

If one centers his mind on this focal point, he can send his tone there as easily as he can move his hand or his foot into a certain place when he wishes to; both actions are a matter of physical response to thought. Some teachers use the bridge of the nose as the focal point, but we use the nostrils, because, as we have already said, we think of the tone as coming on the breath, and it is easy to sense it at that point.

One should take for his model the most musical sound in the language and tune all the others to it. *Hm*, the noise the breath makes in passing through the nostrils, becomes a humming tone when it is vocalized, and is therefore the most free and musical tone we have, so we take that for our model.

I. Exercises for Tone-Direction

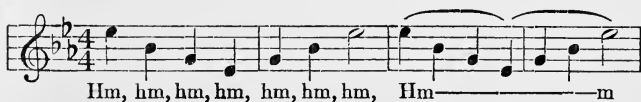
1. Protrude the lips, making them round, and expel the breath on the syllable *hm*. Repeat this

till you are conscious of the breath on the upper lip. Try to picture the breath starting at the diaphragm, reaching to the narial arch and stopping at the nostrils.

2. Intone the sound and prolong it, listening for the smooth humming tone, free from all rasping or grating quality.

Protruding the lips tends to open the nostrils, and it also helps to project the tone, acting like the flaring shape of a trumpet.

Begin on medium E flat and work downward two octaves, through the lower speaking range, keeping the same singing quality all the way. We begin with the higher pitch, because it is practically impossible to "force the voice" on so high a note, and one must of necessity produce the tone with the breath. Try the different intervals and runs suggested in the following exercises till you are able to distinguish between the right and wrong qualities of tone and are able to keep the singing voice all the way down the two-octave range.





Probably, if one has had the habit of forcing the voice, it will at first be hard to reach E flat. As the tone rises in pitch, the tension of the vocal cords increases, causing them to draw together. When one strains to make a tone, this tension becomes so great that they close altogether, and one is unable to utter a sound. With the right use of the voice, one should reach E flat as easily as the tones below it; and one may do so if he thinks of the tones as being on a level, like the keys on the piano keyboard. The idea of difficulty and effort thus being removed, the muscles of the throat relax and allow the vocal cords to separate enough to let the sound through.

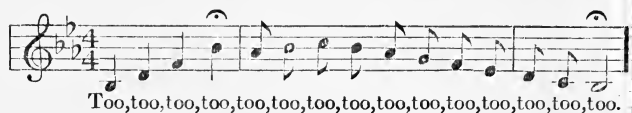
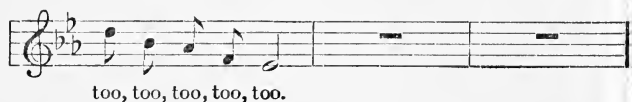
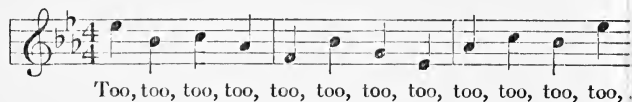
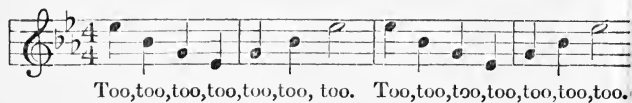
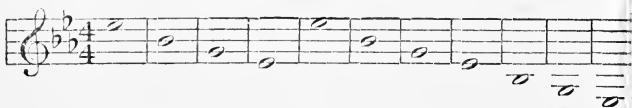
But if a student finds it too difficult to begin with E flat, he may take C or B flat instead, and work up and down the scale from the lower pitch. One should always have a mental picture of the tones as being on a level, and be sure they are not forced by the throat. Any of the musical exercises that have been given can be started on C or B flat as easily as on E flat. Of course, one would find it

more difficult to sing down two octaves in such cases.

Where a teacher has to deal with so called "monotones" or people who seem to be tone-deaf, it is hard to get them to modulate the tone to a pitch that is pleasing. Their voices are usually pitched high, and there is an unpleasant, grating sound in the tone. One can do very little with the exercises till the student has been made to sense the difference between *high* and *low* in the matter of pitch. He must get a concept of this difference by listening to the sounds, either sung, or played on the piano. As the teacher sings or plays the higher pitch, the student listens and senses it as high. Maybe he cannot strike at once the exact key that was given, but he will approximate it. The teacher then gives a pitch one octave below the first. Have the student listen till he senses that pitch or one very near it. Then have him return to the higher one and immediately afterwards take the lower one. This will eventually help him to sense the difference between the two pitches. It must be a mental process. One cannot depend upon the chance of having such a student get it "by ear."

One should keep the tone constantly at the nostrils, for if it is placed far back in the resonance chambers, it has a covered sound and does not carry so well. The passage through the nostrils gives it definiteness and direction. After working with him through the different pitches, and listening for the humming quality, one should take other speech sounds, trying to direct them to the focal point.

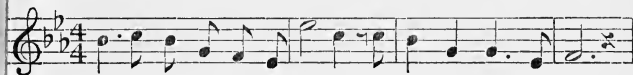
3. Take long *o* or long *oo* as the model vowel sound, for they are formed in the back of the mouth and are therefore more resonant than some of the other vowels. In order to send them more easily to the nostrils, start them with *t*. Say *too* on medium E flat, C or B flat, and then go down the scale as far as possible, listening all the time for the humming quality. It is well to start with *m* occasionally to be sure the tone is in the upper resonance chamber and is coming out at the nostrils.



4. Combine the consonant and vowel sounds in *o-no-m*, singing the same scales and intervals used in the previous exercises.

5. Try other vowels that do not readily respond to resonance, combining them with *oo*: *oo-ē*, *oo-ī*, *o-ā*, *oo-ē*, *oo-ā*. Start as before on a pitch sufficiently high to make it impossible to force the tone with the throat, and go downward through the range used in the ordinary conversational utterances, listening all the time for the humming quality. Use the same notes that you did in the other exercises.

6. Practice the verse of a song or a poem that combines all these vowels with the humming sounds. Emotional thoughts are better, as they have so much of the musical quality in them. Sing:



Roun' de meadow am a ring-in' de darkey's mournful song.



Roun' de meadows am a ring-in' de darkey's mournful song.

Say: "By Nebo's lonely mountain, on this side Jordan's wave, in a vale in the land of Moab there lies a lonely grave." Listen all the time to the tone, trying to keep the humming quality in the tone.

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
 In those old days of the lost sunshine
 Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
 And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
 And we went visiting, "me and you,"
 Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

I THINK WHEN I READ THE SWEET STORY OF OLD

I think when I read the sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children like lambs to the fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hand had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have heard His kind voice when He
said:

“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

Yet still to His footstool in prayer we may go
To ask for a share in His love;
And if we but faithfully seek Him below,
We may meet Him and serve Him above.

“ONE, TWO, THREE!”

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee;
It wasn't the china-closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mama's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

—H. C. Bunner.

FROM "SNOW BOUND"

.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Keep the tone at the nostrils, ringing with all the overtones possible. Listen for every *m*, *n* and *g*, and try to make the *o*'s and all the other vowels ring like them.

6. Then turn the attention to the consonant sounds, keeping them "in tune" with the model *m*.

Say: rhyme, chime; holding out the *m* sound in the words and making the *ch* and *r* partake of the resonance. Continue with the following: ring, never; hang, hung; ding, dong; ting-ling; tink, tink, ink; m-n-ng-m; hallelujah; hello; most men want noise and more royal margin; ma, za, ska, ah.

7. Then practice some selections that combine all these sounds, choosing material of sufficient value to require thought and feeling in the interpretation. The habit, thus formed, of dividing the attention between the expression and the direction of the tone, enables one eventually to use his voice properly at all times, with scarcely a thought as to how he is doing it.

If there is any hardness in the lower tones, try singing the words on the higher pitches first; then, by gradually working down the scale, you can come back into the speaking range used in ordinary conversation.

LITTLE BLUE PIGEON

(Japanese Lullaby)

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
 Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
 Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
 Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
 Silvery star with a tinkling song;
 To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
 Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
 Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
 All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
 Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
 Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
 As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
 Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
 Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
 Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
 Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
 Comes stealing; comes creeping;
 The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
 And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
 She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
 When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—

“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;

There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,

And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come

Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,

And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams

With laughter and singing;

And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,

And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,

And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,

The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping;

So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,

For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,

With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,

Comes stealing; comes creeping.

—*Eugene Field*.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,

But sturdy and stanch he stands;

And the little toy soldier is red with rust,

And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,

And the soldier was passing fair;

And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don't you go till I come,” he said,

“And don't you make any noise!”

So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,

He dreamt of the pretty toys;

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.
—*Eugene Field.*

THE NINETY AND NINE

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain-track?"

"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."

"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"

"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,

And up from the rocky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of Heaven,

"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne,

"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

—*Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane.*

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England

Now that April's there,

And whoever wakes in England

Sees, some morning, unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough

In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,

And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on the clover

Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture

The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,

All will be gay when noontide wakes anew

The buttercups, the little children's dower

—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

—*Robert Browning.*

CHAPTER IV

QUALITY TESTS

There should be no edge on any tone, whether high or low; it should be as soft and smooth as the expulsion of the breath itself. To insure this quality at all times, we study a tone from three points of view: the attack, the middle, and the end. By attack we mean the starting of the tone. This is especially important in beginning vowel sounds, as the organs of speech do not help in projecting them as they do the consonants. A tone may be attacked in three ways: by the sustained diaphragm, by the explosive diaphragm, and by the glottis stroke.

For ordinary speech, we use the sustained diaphragm. The ribs are held out forcibly and the breath is sent out slowly and steadily by the movement of the dorsal and the upper abdominal muscles. Learn to think of the tone as starting from the diaphragm, and so relieve the throat of any responsibility in the matter. If it still shows a tendency to contract, when starting a vowel, yawn or swallow to release the tension.

I. Exercise for Teaching Attack with the Sustained Diaphragm

1. Say: ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; he, he, he, he, he, he; ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho; heel, hole, hang, hung, hallelujah.

Hold the ribs out forcibly, trying to get the sensation of starting every syllable with the diaphragm. Forget all about the throat and think only of the connection between the lower ribs and the nose.

2. Say: "Hold it for fifteen days!—we have held it for eighty-seven." Note the *H* sounds and see that they start at the diaphragm, with a slight contraction of the muscles there.

3. After working with this sound that naturally starts at the base of the breath-control, take vowel sounds, trying to attack them in the same way. Say: over and over; ever and always; every evening; over the mountains.

4. Recite, seeing that each sound is attacked without any grating quality in the throat:

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord

And of his Christ, and of his Christ! And he shall reign Forever and ever! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!

King of Kings and Lord of Lords! King of Kings and
Lord of Lords!

And He shall reign forever and ever! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

—*Arranged from The Hallelujah Chorus
in Handel's "Messiah."*

A LAUGHING CHORUS

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called "Ho, there, ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro.
And "Are you ready?" the Snow-drop asked;
" 'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebird sing."
"And straight thereafter," Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
The Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the breath of Spring.
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart, though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
In laughter soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

("Will you go to war just for a scrap of paper?"—
Question of the German Chancellor to the British Ambassador, August 5, 1914, when they were discussing the invasion of Belgium and England's entrance into the war.)

A mocking question! Britain's answer came
Swift as the light and searching as the flame.

"Yes, for a scrap of paper we will fight
Till our last breath, and God defend the right!

"A scrap of paper where a name is set
Is strong as duty's pledge and honor's debt.

"A scrap of paper holds for man and wife
The sacrament of love, and bond of life.

"A scrap of paper may be Holy Writ
With God's eternal word to hallow it.

"A scrap of paper binds us both to stand
Defenders of a neutral neighbor land.

“By God, by faith, by honor, yes! We fight
To keep our name upon that paper white.”

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE*

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—

*Revised version: 1919.

To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—*Edwin Markham.*

II. Exercise for Attack with the Explosive Diaphragm

We use this movement of the diaphragm for short quick commands or for unusually strong

passages. The sudden, powerful contraction forces the breath out in strong explosions. The ribs must not move inward as this takes place, as that makes the tone unsteady and lessens its carrying power.

1. Hold the ribs out, make a sharp, quick contraction of the upper abdominal muscles, and say "Halt!" Let the breath out all at once very forcibly. Continue with words like help, hark, hello, stop, no, whoa, letting all the breath out on one word and taking in more instantly for the next one.

2. Then take some sentences that combine both the sustained and the explosive diaphragm.

"Hark! Cannonade! Fusillade! Is it true that was told by the scout?"

3. Recite the following poems, taking care to hold the ribs out forcibly all the time, whether the contraction is sudden and strong for the short exclamatory thoughts, or is even and sustained for the longer expressions.

UNCLE SAM

See that tall man with stars upon his hat
And coat and trousers striped with red and white,
With piercing eye and pointed beard? Well, that
Is Uncle Sam. He will not seek a fight;
Would rather suffer long to keep the peace
And never dodges at a random shot.
But after patience and forbearance cease
To bear the fruit of virtue, he is not
Responsible for what transpires. And when
He shuts his teeth, rolls up his sleeves and bows
His neck in righteous indignation, then
Be they deceitful friends or honest foes,

Who tries to scare or capture this old scout—
Well, all we have to say is this—LOOK OUT!

—*William Hudspeth.*

Little owlet in the glen,
I'm ashamed of you;
You are ungrammatical
In speaking as you do.
You should say, "To whom! to whom!"
Not, "To who! to who!"
Your small friend,
Miss Katy-did,
May be green, 'tis true,
But you never heard her say,
"Katy do! she do!"

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away!

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away!

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down:

And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Forboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoo-oo-oo-oo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
 (When I was a little tad)
That when the wind went wailing so,
 Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
 Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
 And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
 Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
 "Yoooooooooooo!
 Yoooooooooooo!
 Yoooooooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow—
 You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
 I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
 And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
 "Yoooooooooooo!
 Yoooooooooooo!
 Yoooooooooooo!"
 —*Eugene Field.*

FROM "HERVÉ RIEL"

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 Here's the English at our heels; would you have
 them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
 bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

Not a minute more to wait!
 Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
 beach!

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
 these

A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for
 the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries
 Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
 fools or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
 soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
 disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
 than fifty Hagues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
 there's a way."

—*Robert Browning*

THE AMERICANS COME

"What is the cheering, my little one?
 Oh, that my blinded eyes could see!
 Hasten, boy, to the window run,
 And see what the noise in the street may be.
 I hear the drums and the marching feet;
 Look and see what it's all about.
 Who can it be that our people greet
 With cheer and laughter and joyous shout?"

"They are men, my father, brown and strong,
 And they carry a banner of wondrous hue;
 With a mighty tread they swing along,
 Now I see white stars on a field of blue."

"You say that you see white stars on blue?
 Look, are there stripes of red and white?
 It must be—yes, it must be true!
 Oh, dear God! if I had my sight.
 Hasten, son, fling the window wide,
 Let me kiss the staff our flag swings from,
 And salute the stars and stripes with pride,
 For God be praised, the Americans come!"

—*Elizabeth Wilbur*.¹

¹The poem is based upon an incident that occurred in France at the time of the entrance of our troops into Paris. A blind soldier speaking to his son. The words were set to music by Fay Foster.

II. Exercise for the Glottis Stroke

The glottis stroke is made by a momentary closing of the glottis, by means of which the breath is barred and accumulated; and then by discharging it all at once. It produces a sound similar to an energetic pronunciation of the letter *p*.

Say words beginning with vowels, trying not to contract the muscles of the throat and consciously starting each sound at the diaphragm.

“Are you? Is it? Up she goes! Imagine!”

If a tone is started right it is likely to remain pure throughout; but one should see that no tightness comes into it. Either emotion or a desire to be heard has a tendency to lengthen out the tone, and one should listen to see that there is no hardness or rasping quality in it. One must take enough breath to insure this. Many times one starts a tone with breath, but has to finish it by contracting the muscles of the throat because the supply runs out.

IV. Exercise for Testing the Lengthened Tone

1. Choose emotional words, such as mourn, lonely, home and glory. Say them with feeling, listening to the quality and taking care to keep it smooth and musical.

2. Say a verse having several emotional words, with full appreciation of the meaning: “Oh, the years are many, the years are long, but the little toy friends are true.”

3. Take the same sentence with the thought of trying to make some one at a distance hear. It will be noted that the vowels and the musical conso-

nants produce this humming effect as the tone is lengthened.

Practice reciting the following poems, which express deep feeling. Enter into the spirit of the selections, giving enough attention to the humming quality of the lengthened words to see that it is pure throughout.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars
go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee
to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary, and, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of
wondering love.

O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King, and peace to men on
earth.

How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His
heaven.

No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ
enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in, be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell;
Oh come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!

—*Phillips Brooks.*

YOUR LAD AND MY LAD

Down toward the deep-blue water, marching to throb
of drum,
From city street and country lane the lines of khaki
come;
The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread, are full of grim
appeal,
While rays of western sunshine flash back from bur-
nished steel.
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, the serried ranks
advance;
And your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to
France.

Asob clings choking in the throat, as file on file sweeps by,
Between those cheering multitudes, to where the great
ships lie;
The batteries halt, the columns wheel, to clear-toned
bugle-call,
With shoulders squared and faces front they stand a
khaki wall.
Tears shine on every watcher's cheek, love speaks in
every glance;
For your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to
France.

Before them, through a mist of years, in soldier buff or
blue,
Brave comrades from a thousand fields watch now in
proud review;
The same old Flag, the same old Faith—the Freedom
of the World—
Spells Duty in those flapping folds above long ranks
unfurled.

Strong are the hearts which bear along Democracy's
 advance,
 As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to
 France.

The word rings out; a million feet tramp forward on
 the road,
 Along that path of sacrifice o'er which their fathers
 strode.
 With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, with cheers on
 smiling lips,
 These fighting men of '17 move onward to their ships.
 Nor even love may hold them back, or halt their stern
 advance,
 As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to
 France.

—*Randall Parrish.*

THE VETERANS

Every year they're marching slower,
 Every year they're stooping lower,
 Every year the lilting music stirs the hearts of older men;
 Every year the flags above them
 Seem to bend and bless and love them
 As if grieving for the future when they'll never march
 again!

Every year that day draws nearer—
 Every year this truth is clearer
 That the men who saved the nation from the severing
 Southern sword
 Soon must pass away forever
 From the scene of their endeavor,
 Soon must answer to the roll call of the angel of the Lord.

Every year with dwindling number,
Loyal still to those that slumber,
Forth they march to where already many have found
peace at last,
And they place the fairest blossoms
O'er the silent, mouldering bosoms
Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of
the past.

Every year grow dimmer, duller,
Tattered flag and faded color;
Every year the hands that bear them find a harder task
to do,
And the eyes that only brightened
When the blaze of battle lightened,
Like the tattered flags they follow are grown dim and
faded too.

Every year we see them massing,
Every year we watch them passing,
Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain,
But the battle-flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them,
And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone
of pain!

—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

In places where there is a decided downward inflection, either at the end of a sentence or where strong emphasis is needed, a person's voice is likely to drop into a croaky, disagreeable quality, which is not only unpleasant to the ear, but inadequate, so far as carrying power is concerned. The following exercise is simple, but very effective in correcting this habit.

V. Exercise for Keeping the End of the Tone Pure

Before making the usual downward inflection, raise the tone above the general level of the pitch in which you are speaking and let it drop naturally from the higher pitch. Say short sentences, each having a word that requires strong inflection, taking care that such words are lifted at the beginning, so as to eliminate the croaky quality at the end.

Say: Give it to *me*. Let me *see* it. I *like* it. That is *right*. Lift the end of the tone *up*. Do it like *this*.

In order to avoid a mechanical effect, keep thought and feeling behind the lines, not only to the end, but an instant afterward.

CHAPTER V

RADIATION

After one has learned to produce the tones properly, exercises for projecting them should be given. Remember that a desire to be heard is back of all these exercises. One must sense the space, and then endeavor to cover it with sound. There are several points in technique that assist in this: breath control, placing, attack, retarded rate, pause, holding up the end of the line, and clean-cut articulation.

In practising, one should make for himself five different conditions and work as if he were fulfilling them. He should always consider the fact that every audience has some members that are hard of hearing, and make an effort to be distinct.

Exercises for Sensing and Filling Space

1. *Speak to some one at your elbow*, using a well-modulated tone, with but little effort. Say: "And you are the poet and you want something? What shall it be?"

2. *Speak to some one across a room*, with a consciousness of the change in space. "I had known Mr. Peggotty's house very well in my childhood. It was an old black barge or boat, high and dry on

Yarmouth sands, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney."

Notice the difference in the amount of effort needed, the rate of speed and the pitch of the tone.

Recite the following, using moderate effort.

A LULLABY

Because some men in khaki coats are marching out to
war,

Beneath a torn old flag that floats as proudly as before,
Because they will not stop nor stay, but march with
eager tread

A little baby far away sleeps safely in her bed.

Because some grim, gray sentinels stand always silently,
Where each dull shadow falls and floats upon a restless
sea;

Because their lonely watch they keep with keen and
wakeful eyes,

A little child may safely sleep until the sun shall rise.

Because some swift and shadowy things hold patient
guard on high,

Like birds or sails or shielding wings against a stormy
sky;

Because a strange light spreads and sweeps across a
darkened way,

A little baby softly sleeps until the dawn of day.

—G. R. Glasgow.

"AMERICA FIRST"

Whatever the shores that your forefathers hailed from.

Whatever the flags that they fought for afar,

Whatever the lands that yourselves may have sailed from,

To-day you must cherish the land where you are.

To-day you are sons of this Nation of nations,

Untroubled by war and its spirit accurst;

So, guarding your souls against racial temptations,

Let this be your motto: "America first!"

This Nation of ours every people has greeted,

Has welcomed them in to partake of her cheer;

And even the humblest, despised and defeated,

Have felt themselves men when they found themselves here.

The victims of systems and dynasties royal

With her have found freedom, their dreams to fulfill,

And surely such hearts will not now be disloyal

To her and her spirit of peace and good-will.

God keep from our shores the dread issue of battle;

God keep from our country the curse we abhor.

They speak not the mind of the Nation who prattle

So lightly of plunging the land into war.

But if, proving futile our peaceful endeavor,

The tempest of war on our borders should burst—

Then, then, whatsoever your race, you must never

Forget the great watchword, "America first!"

—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

A ROYAL HEART

Ragged, uncomely and old and gray,

A woman walked in a Northern town;

And through the crowd as she wound her way

One saw her loiter and stoop down,

Putting something away in her ragged gown.

"You are hiding a jewel," a watcher said,
(Ah! that was her heart, had the truth been read.)
"What are you hiding?" he asked again.
Then the dim eyes filled with a look of pain,
And she showed him her gleanings. "It's broken glass,"
She said, "I hae lifted it up frae the street
To be oot o' the way o' the bairnies' feet."

Under the fluttering rags astir,
That was a royal heart that beat!
Would that the world had more like her,
Smoothing the road for its bairnies' feet.

—*Will E. Ogilvie.*

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of bloom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread!"

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it?—Dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all?"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And the plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

SLAVE AND EMPEROR

The emperor mocked at Nazareth
In his almighty hour.
The slave that bowed himself to death
And walked with slaves in Nazareth,
What were his words but wasted breath
Before that "will to power."

Yet, in the darkest hour of all,
When black defeat began,
The emperor heard the mountains quake,
He felt the graves beneath him shake,
He watched his legions rally and break,
And he whimpered as they ran.

"I hear a shout that moves the earth,
A cry that wakes the dead!
Will no one tell me whence they come,
For all my messengers are dumb?
What power is this that comes to birth
And breaks my power?" he said.

Then all around his foundering guns,
Though dawn was now not far,
The darkness filled with a living fear
That whispered at the emperor's ear,
"The armies of the dead draw near
Beneath an Eastern star."

The trumpet blows in Nazareth,
The Slave is risen again!
Across the bitter wastes of death,
The horsemen ride from Nazareth,

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This poem was written at the time of the capture of Nazareth. was inspired by a heading in one of the London newspapers: "Our valry have rescued Nazareth from the enemy whose supermen scribed Christianity as a creed for slaves."

And the Power we mocked as wasted breath
 Returns in power to reign;
 Rides on in white, through Nazareth,
 To save His world again.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

THE LITTLE TOWNS

Oh, little town in Arkansas and little town in Maine,
 And little sheltered valley town and hamlet on the plain
 Salem, Jackson, Waukesha, and Brookville and Peru,
 San Mateo and Irontown, and Lake and Waterloo,
 Little town we laughed about and loved for homely ways
 Quiet streets and garden beds and friendly sunlit days
 Out of you the soldiers came,
 Little town of homely name.
 Young and strong and brave with laughter
 They saw truth and followed after.'

Little town, the birth of them
 Makes you kin to Bethlehem.

Little town where Jimmy Brown ran the grocery store
 Little town where Manuel fished along the shore.
 Where Russian Steve was carpenter, and Sandy F.
 McQuade
 Worked all day in overalls at his mechanic's trade.
 Where Allen Perkins practiced law, and John, Judge
 Harper's son,
 Planned a little house for two that never shall be done.
 Little town, you gave them all,
 Rich and poor and great and small.
 Bred them clean and straight and strong,
 Sent them forth to right the wrong.

Little town, their glorious death
 Makes you kin to Nazareth.

—*Hilda Morrison.*

3. *Speak across a hall*, with a desire to make the people in the back part hear. "What ho, my lords! Come all and hear the news! My lord of Leicester's tolen marriage has cost me a husband and England king!"

Recite the following, noticing that the larger space requires a greater supply of breath, in order to provide for the greater volume of tone needed to cover it; that the pitch is raised; that the rate is retarded; that at the end of the sentence, and in other places where a strong inflection is needed, the voice is lifted above the general level of the tone before it is dropped; and that all other technical helps are required to make the voice adequate and the articulation distinct.

To help keep in mind the distance to be covered, compare the giving out of words with the act of throwing a ball. Consider how much more muscular effort is needed to throw the ball a long distance than is required to throw it a short one; and how much longer it is in the air on a long throw than it is when you lightly toss it. As you speak, think of your words as balls and mentally watch them covering the space. Notice how you unconsciously lengthen the tone.

CHRISTMAS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
And ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

CONCORD HYMN

(Sung at the completion of the battle monument,
April 19, 1836.)

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream that seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

BELGIUM THE BAR-LASS

The night was still. The king sat with the queen.
She sang. Her maidens spun. A peaceful scene.
Suddenly, wild echoes shake the castle wall—
Their foes come crashing through the outer hall;
They rush like thunder down the gallery floor. . . .
. . . . Someone has stolen the bolt that bars the door.
No pin to hold the loops, no stick, no stave.
Nothing! An open door, and open grave!

Then Catherine Bar-Lass thrust her naked arm,
(A girl's arm, white as milk and soft and warm),
Right through the loops from which the bolt was gone—
"Twill hold," she said "until they break the bone—
My King, you have one instant to prepare!"
She said no more, because the thrust was there.

Oft have I heard the tale of Scotland's king,
The Poet, and Catherine Bar-Lass. (Men sing
For aye the deed one moment brings to birth—
Such moments are the ransom of our earth.)
Brave Belgium, Bar-Lass of our Western world,
Who, when the treacherous Prussian tyrant hurled
His hordes against our peace, thrust a slight hand,
So firm to bolt our portals and withstand;
Whatever prove the glory in our affray
Thy arm, thy heart, thy act, have won the day.

—A. Mary F. Robinson (*Madame Duclaux*)

(From "Poems of the Great War," published by The Macmillan Company.)

LINCOLN

Hurt was the nation with a mighty wound,
And all her ways were filled with clamorous sound;
Wailed loud the South with unremitting grief,
And wept the North that could not find relief;
Then madness joined its harshest tone to strife—
A minor note swelled in the song of life.
Till stirring with the love that filled his breast,
But still unflinching at the right's behest,
Grave Lincoln came, strong-handed from afar,
A mighty Homer of the lyre of war.
'Twas he who bade the raging tempest cease,
Wrenched from his harp the harmony of peace;
Muted the strings that made the discord Wrong,
And gave his spirit up in thund'rous song.

Oh, mighty master of the mighty lyre,
Earth heard and trembled at thy strains of fire;
Earth learned of thee what Heaven already knew,
And wrote thee down among her chosen few.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

THE KNIGHTS'

Not dust! Not dust the chivalry,
The knightly heart of high romance
Enshrined in ancient poetry.
Behold the battle-field of France!

Gone plume and crest and jeweled sword,
Gone pomp and picturesque array.
War is a grim and hideous word!
Yet heroes walk the world to-day.

A Launcelot or Lion Heart?
A Roland or a Godfrey bold?
Nay, simple lads that bear their part
As gallantly as knights of old.

Our lithe brown legions swinging by,
Our bonny sailors proudly free;
The dauntless champions of the sky,
The dragon-chasers on the sea!

A thousand Sidneys pass the cup
Of blessedness on fields of blood;
And countless Bayards offer up
Their joyous hope for others' good.

Never were hearts so nobly bold,
Nor bodies built so strongly fair.
The tree of life has not grown old,
But blooms to-day beyond compare!

No more we glory in the past
And yearn to see those kings of men.
The peerless knights arise at last,
And epic deeds are done again.
—*Abby Farwell Brown.*

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

4. *Make the tone sound as if it were coming from a long distance,—the reflection of what is being said far away.* Place the tone far back in the resonance chambers and partially close the mouth to give a covered effect. As you speak, try to picture the distance it is coming from. The thought helps to give the far-away sound.

Call: help, fire, stop, go on, come on,—making them sound as if they were coming from across the street. Close your eyes, if necessary, to sense the distance. Say: "Strike your flag!" "Blow, bugle, blow!"

The dreamy, remote sound the voice takes on in reminiscent or subjective expression is akin to this condition. Work on the following, trying to get the required reflected tone:

BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O, sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying!
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
 —*Alfred Tennyson.*

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are
 twisted and dried,
 When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest
 critic has died,
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for
 an æon or two,
 Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to
 work anew.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*
 (From "L'Envoi.")

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

FROM "THANATOPSIS"

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

(From "Thanatopsis.")

Shout the calls: "Shoal! Ware shoal!" "Strike your flag," and "Never" in the following verses, trying to give the effect of the voice coming from a long distance:

They christened my brother of old—
And a saintly name he bears—
They gave him a place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,

Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry.
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!) Not I!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*
(From "The Bell Buoy.")

THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop of war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail,
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies,
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken, huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

5. *Shout, trying to keep the quality pure, by making the effort with the diaphragm.* The whole body should be strong, and the need of sensing the space is very important.

Give the calls suggested in the previous exercise.

Call: "Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterdon, run for your shallops, gather your men, scatter your boats on the lower bay."

One should feel a decided muscular reaction through the whole body as the tones go out. Repeat with a great deal of strength, as if shouting to a body of soldiers, the following:

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL

Stand! The ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! They're afire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

—*John Pierpont.*

King Henry: Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. . . .
see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
training upon the start. The game's afoot!
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry, England, and Saint George!

—*Shakespeare.*

(From Scene 1, Act III, "King Henry V.")

The round, orotund quality, used so many times in large halls and out of doors, is really the result of shouting on a low pitch. All the bodily strength used in real shouting is necessary to produce the best results. Such tones are natural in deeply religious and other awe-inspiring expressions. One must let himself fill with the thought and feeling suggested by the subject matter and then really wish to give it out to someone else. If he uses all the technical helps at his command, he may project his tones without straining his voice to any extent. Practice with thoughts like the following:

Exercise for Projecting the Voice with the Orotund Quality

1. Say: "Lift up your heads, O, ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

2. Recite the following, keeping the deep religious meaning behind the words and trying to make them carry to a multitude.

THE RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

And in that land where voyaging
The pilgrim Mayflower came to rest,
Among the chosen, counselling,
Once, when bewilderment possessed
A people, none there was might draw
To fold the wandering thoughts of men,
And make as one the names again
Of liberty and law.

And then, from fifty fameless years
In quiet Illinois was sent
A word that still the Atlantic hears,
And Lincoln was the lord of his event.
—*John Drinkwater.*

GOD'S WILL FOR AMERICA

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of friend or foe,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end?

Across the sea that knows no beach,
The admiral of nations guides
Thy blind, obedient keel to reach
The harbor where thy future rides.

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud and sun?
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned,
Each sin that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

—*Richard Hovey.*

CHAPTER VI

FORCE

So far most of the attention has been centered upon the pure quality of the tone. We now come to the question of Force, another property. The development of force requires nothing new in the line of technique. We simply center the attention upon making the tone powerful, with the assurance that the purity can now take care of itself.

Force is the variation of strength or weakness of the voice, depending upon the degree of vibration of the vocal cords and their intensity. It varies in degree from the gentlest to the vehement; hence graded exercises in its development will do for the voice all that physical training will do for the body, giving to it two conditions of strength,—vigor and pliancy.

Shouting or mere noise is not what is meant by force; the tone should always be smooth and musical, not harsh and disagreeable. The degrees vary with time, pitch, emotion and inflection. Strong passions require loud force; weaker passions need less. There are two kinds of loud voices: the vocally loud, which are vulgar, and the dynamically loud, which are powerful.

Feeling regulates force, but force is changed me-

chanically by the amount of breath poured over the vocal cords and by the degree of tension of the cords. True force includes the idea of moral power, and is manifest in a certain stateliness and majesty of tone, rather than through any exhibition of voice or manner. It is the result of a uniform intensity of the whole being and of such repose as suggests reserve power, which is really true power. The comparison between mere noise and true force reminds one of Emerson's saying: "What you are speaks so loud I can't hear what you say."

The most natural force is that used by the cultivated voice in conversational utterances. In relation to loud and soft it approaches a medium, and is called medium force. Unemotional thoughts express themselves through medium force, also simple narration and description. Quiet pathos, tenderness, and restrained feeling of any kind are expressed by subdued force; while rejoicing, anger, scorn, defiance and unrestrained passions are expressed by full force.

Exercises for Acquiring and Measuring Force

1. Say some word like *go* or *forward*, first with subdued, then with medium, and then with full force. Notice that the changes are much the same as those made in working through the different degrees of radiation: subdued force corresponding to the first degree, medium to the second, and full force to the fifth degree. Remember that all the attention may now be directed toward making the tone weak or powerful. Practice over and over

again the words that have been suggested, till you become familiar with the changes in the loudness of the voice.

2. For subdued force, expressing gentleness, little breath is needed, and there is a relaxed condition in all the muscles. Repeat to yourself or to some one at your elbow: "I know a garden fair to see, where haunting memories there be of treasures lost and joys of ours, forgotten, lost among the flowers."

Try to be distinct even when the voice is very faint. One can make his tones carry a long distance under such circumstances by making use of the arts and tricks of articulation.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

For exhaustion or weariness, the breath is let out without any control and is taken in frequently. This causes the tone to sound breathy and suggests physical weakness. The body should relax and poise backward to help the effect. With this thought of bodily weakness in mind, say: "The bitterness of the fight has faded for me, and I feel only the love of country and the satisfaction of giving my life for it."

The next two exercises express emotions that cause strong contractions of the muscles. Enough energy is used to produce loud tones, but by means of restraint, the voice is kept low-pitched and inconspicuous. With the impulse to impart secrecy or fear, say: "Casca, be sudden! We fear prevention!"

Then Catherine Bar-Lass thrust her naked arm,
(A girl's arm, white as milk and soft and warm)
Right through the loops from which the bolt was gone,
" 'Twill hold," she said, "until they break the bone,—
My King, you have one instant to prepare!"
She said no more because the thrust was there.

The direct quotations in these lines require the restrained force.

In the following, the muscular contraction is so strong as to amount almost to convulsion, the result of great revulsion of feeling. The breath is inhaled and exhaled rapidly.

Queen Katherine: I will, when you are humble; nay,
before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,

Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge; for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
 Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
 Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

* * * *

My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-
 mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honor than
 Your high profession spiritual; that again
 I do refuse you for my judge.

—*Shakespeare.*

Scene IV, Act II, "King Henry VIII." (Queen Catherine defies Wolsey).

3. For medium force, one makes the same condition as when practicing for the second degree of radiation,—the distance across a room. Speak in a clear conversational tone, avoiding the ordinary fault of letting the voice drop too low at the end of the line, and using as much care as you would if you knew there was a deaf person sitting in the back of the room.

"Dombey sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great armchair by the bedside, and son lay

tucked up warm in a little basket bedside, carefully disposed on a low settee immediately in front of the fire and close to it, as if his constitution were analagous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him quite brown while he was quite new."

THE MINSTREL-BOY

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy song was made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

—*Thomas Moore.*

STILL, STILL WITH THEE

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am with Thee.*

Alone with Thee amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born;
 Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

* * * *

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
 Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
 When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
 O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought *I am with Thee.*

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—*John Milton.*

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,

When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
"Of all who live, I am the one by whom
"This work can best be done in the right way.
Then shall I find it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE LITTLE SHARP VEXATIONS

The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret—
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heart-ache,
And tell Him the longings too,
Tell Him the baffled purpose
When we scarce knew what to do.

Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

A PRAYER FOR THOSE WHO WATCH

We cannot see beyond the flame, the black smoke's
smother;
We only know they strive there, each beside the other,
Our son and soldier, lover, husband, brother.

We cannot hear the battle-clash, the roaring of the guns;
We only know among them are the well-beloved ones,
Those who made the world for us, lovers, husbands, sons.

“Ours!” the heart within us cries. Nay, but these are
more;

Even, men-at-arms of God who wage a holy war
In the cause His soldier-saints fought and conquered for!

Lord, for us the waiting ones, watchers in the night,
Change our selfish fears to pride, let us see aright
The honor of the service, the glory of the fight!

Give us faith to know Thy sword was never bared in vain,
Give us vision to behold, above the fields of pain,
The splendor of the sacrifice that saves a world again!

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

PEACE

Now silent are the forests old, amid whose cool retreats
Great armies met, and from the shore have passed the
hostile fleets.

We hear no more the trumpet's bray or bugle's stirring
call,

And full of dents, in quiet sheathed, the swords hang on
the wall.

O'er frowning ramparts, where once shone the sentry's
gleaming steel,

In swift and widely circling flight, the purple swallows
wheel;

Beside the Rappahannock's tide, the robins wake their
song,

And where the flashing sabres clashed, brown-coated
sparrows throng.

The wealth of beauty that falls out from God's o'er-
flowing hand
Clothes with a fragrant garment the fields of death
made grand,
In the deep silence of the earth war's relics slowly rust,
And tattered flags hang motionless and dim with peace-
ful dust.

The past is past; the wild flowers bloom where charging
squadrons met;
And though we keep war's memories green, why not the
cause forget,
And have while battle-stains fade out 'neath Heaven's
pitying tears,
One land, one flag, one brotherhood, through all the
coming years.

—*Thomas S. Collier.*

4. For full force, gather all the power you can from a strong muscular contraction of the whole body. The greatest tension must be at the diaphragm where the tone starts. Fill yourself with the thought and feeling of the subject-matter and this intensity will be natural.

Choose selections filled with lofty sentiments and try to make them carry a long distance.

FRANCE IN BATTLE FLAME

O France, rose-hearted France,
You seemed of old the spirit of wingèd dance;
Light as the leaf that circles in the sky,
Light as the bubbles when the billows fly.
We had forgot that in you burned the spark
That lit with dawn the spirit of Joan d' Arc;

We had forgot that in you burned the flame
With which Corday and Roland wreathed your name,
Till, suddenly, from the summer sky were hurled
War's mad, incredible thunders on the world;
And at the sound we saw your soul upstart
To fold your stricken people to your heart.
Erect, imperious, you stood and smiled,
Your eyes divinely wild—
A sudden light upon your lifted face,
A splendor fallen from a starry place.

Debonair, delicate France,
Spirit of light, spirit of young romance!
Now, we behold you dim in the battle-dust,
Roused, reticent, invincible, august.
We see you, Mother of Sorrows, where you stand,
The sword of Heaven alive within your hand;
The lilies in your hair
Blood-spattered by the crown of thorns you wear.
Too high you stand for fears,
Too still and terrible for mortal tears.

O France of the world's desire,
O France new-lighted by supernal fire,
Wrapped in your battle-flame,
All nations take a splendor from your name.
In you we are reborn to noble dreams,
In you we see again the sacred gleams
From man's immortal goal.
The faith that rises from you like a star
Shall light the ages coming from afar;
When men shall band in one confederate fate
To build the beauty of the Comrade State.

—*Edwin Markham.*

REBECCA'S HYMN

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke, and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*
(From "Ivanhoe.")

CHAPTER VII

VOLUME, PITCH AND SLIDE

Volume

True force, as we have already said, is the result of a uniform intensity of the whole being, and comes from strong mental, emotional or spiritual centers. As the degree of emotional intensity increases, we note another property of tone, which we call *volume*. It shows a mental appreciation of the value of the thought involved in the selection, accompanied by feeling and sympathy for the situation described. Such an estimate shows itself in the voice in a peculiar quality that cannot be *forced* mechanically. It comes of itself when one *thinks* and *feels* with the author and surrenders himself to the expression of the thought.

No one has been able to explain why one's tone changes *color* under the influence of different intellectual and emotional conditions, but we have only to listen to the daily conversations of people around us to note that the *quality* or *color* is changing constantly with the changes in mood. So far as *loudness* or *quantity* of voice is concerned it might not vary to any appreciable extent in reading ten different selections, but the *quality* would vary, according to the nature of the *values* expressed in the

thought. Remember that every change of tone comes from a dominant center in the speaker,—this center being influenced by his mental and spiritual appreciation of the thought he is expressing. If the motive changes, the quality of the tone changes also.

With these facts in mind, practice with the poems already used in working for force, trying to keep the central purpose or motive of the author back of what you are saying. The *mental concept* is the basis of all true tone-color, for it serves as a center from which all expression radiates. Keep a strong torso support behind the speaking; remember one cannot express great thought with the tongue alone.

Pitch

Pitch should be governed by the nature of the thought to be expressed, but many people unconsciously talk continuously on a high pitch, no matter what the nature of the matter they are expressing. Teachers and preachers often find that they are doing this. It comes from the wish to make themselves understood—to emphasize the thought they are giving. It becomes tiresome in a little while, and is very wearing on the voice itself. On the other hand, some people use an habitually low pitch. By consciously trying to keep the voice from rising too high, they fail to express rightly the various moods, and are often ineffective.

Both of these faults may be corrected by careful attention and practice. One must first get a mental concept of the pitch that is desired. It has

been said in a previous chapter that this sort of thing must be based upon a mental process rather than upon any chance of getting the right results "by ear." The same exercises that were given for developing range would be good in working out the consciousness of pitch. Link the exercises with the expression of some thought as soon as possible so that there may be seen the right relation between the pitch that is being worked on and the different moods that are involved in the reading of selections.

Practice on the following poem for getting the sensation of lightness and joy:

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE THROSTLE

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all of the winters are hidden.

—*Alfred Tennyson*

"The Laughing Chorus," which has been given for another exercise in this book, is also good for developing a comparatively high pitch. In reading these poems one should remember to have the mental concept of happiness and frivolity behind the thought. A person's voice naturally rises in pitch for such moods if he has been taught to discriminate between the different pitches.

For practice on the medium pitch, use the following, which is of enough weight to demand a pitch below that used in the poems just given. It will be noted as the exercises progress that the deeper and more earnest the matter, the lower will be the pitch, provided, of course, that the reader has his voice under sufficient control to adapt itself to the occasion.

THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON

Sometimes in passing along the street, I meet a man who in the lapel of his coat wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming, bronze button. The coat is often old and rusty and the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years. Perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence. Yea, to me, the very dust his foot has pressed is holy ground, for I know in the dark hour of the nation's peril, he bared his breast to the hell of battle, to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky. Maybe at Donelson he reached the inner trench; maybe at Shiloh he held the broken line, at Chattanooga climbed the flame-swept hill, or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was

not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plough, the forge, the bench, the loom, the mine, the store, the college, the office, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed or gold, to find adventure or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways and he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-by kisses on tiny lips to look death in the face on desperate fields. And when the war was over, he quietly took up the broken threads of life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

What mighty men have worn that same bronze button! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan and a hundred more whose names are written on the title-page of deathless fame. Their glorious victories are known to men. The history of their country gives them voice; the white light of publicity illuminates them for every eye, but there are thousands, who in humbler ways no less deserve applause.

How many knightly acts of chivalry were never seen beyond the lines, or heard of above the roaring battle. God bless the men who wear the button! They pinned the stars of Union in the azure of our flag, and made atonement for our nation's sin in blood. They took the negro from the auction-block and at the altar of emancipation crowned him citizen. They supplemented "Yankee Doodle" with "Glory Hallelujah," and Yorktown with Appomattox. Their powder woke the dawn of universal freedom, and made the name America first in all the earth. To us their memory is an inspiration, and to the future it is hope.

—*John M. Thurston*

For an exercise for low pitch, use "The Ocean" by Byron. The following lines are especially good:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

One should allow the meaning of the lines to enter into his consciousness. Such an experience will deepen the voice and cause the pitch to drop below the ordinary level. Some of the lines from the speech of the Ghost in "Hamlet" require even a deeper pitch than these just quoted:

"I am thy father's spirit."

Kipling's "Recessional" also affords some good practice along this line.

Slide

If people limit themselves in the matter of pitch, it is also true that they neglect the possibilities of gaining variety by the use of *slide*. This means the sliding from one pitch to another during a speech. In the discussion at the beginning of the exercises for tone-direction it was stated that one should have a fairly extensive range,—one covering at least two octaves, with a consciousness or tone-memory of sounds above and below those included in the two-octave range. A well-trained voice naturally makes variations in range in response to the various meanings. Children are more apt to do this than grown people are. Many adults use very little range, but speak on almost a monotone. It is very tiresome to listen to speeches where there is so little variety. Any person who has to

talk much in public will find that his ability to interest an audience will increase to a marked degree if he learns to use the full sweep of range mentioned above,—that of two octaves.

The length of slide in a well-trained voice is measured by the speaker's mental conception of the thought, plus his emotional response, his sympathy with the audience and the accompanying desire to give the thought to them. Slide helps to make the voice radiate, for the variety in range holds the attention of the audience when a monotone would cease to be effective.

Slides are used in expressing explanatory matter, in making any significant point clear, in irony, in exaggerated expression of humorous matter, and also in expressing surprise or sudden anger. Practice the following lines from the speech of Cassius in "Julius Caesar," making them express the shock of surprised guilt:

"I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last."

Use the lines of Anthony in the funeral scene of the same play to express concealed irony:

"For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—"

Express surprise in the following: "Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

Mark the insinuation in the following lines from *Macbeth*:

Macbeth: My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight.

Lady Macbeth: And when goes hence?

In all these selections it will be noted that practically more than two octaves would be needed to give the fullest meaning. In some cases the range is limitless, vanishing far beyond the human quality in the full sweep of emotion.

We have here discussed the most important properties of tone: quality, force, pitch, slide and volume. It will be seen that the development of each one depends upon the mental concept, which originates in a dominant center to control the tone. Nothing is left to chance or mechanical calculation; even what seems to be mechanical form is so backed by the thought and feeling that it ceases to be separated from expression at a very early stage of the work.

CHAPTER VIII

PAUSE, RHYTHM AND TIME

Pause

Two other very important elements to be considered in effective public speaking are *pause* and *rhythm*. Pauses that occur between thoughts or points in a speech are not to be considered as cessations of thinking. On the other hand, they express a subtle relation between points and indicate very concentrated thought. When one wishes to make a point very impressive, he pauses for an instant, either before or after expressing it. He has not ceased to think, but is poising for an instant upon the point he has just made in order to bring the emphasis more fully before the consciousness of the listener. He is looking forward to what is coming next while he is allowing the audience to consider what he has already said.

A pause just before the thought to be especially emphasized is called anticipatory. In order to keep the anticipation of the listeners keen for the point that is coming, the speaker halts for just a breath. A familiar example of such a pause is found in Portia's speech to Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice":

Tarry a little: there is something else.—
 This bond doth give you here no jot of blood;
 The words expressly are, a “pound of flesh.”

After each clause, one naturally pauses to make the audience eager for what is to come. The next clauses illustrate pauses of reflection; the mind of the listener is held for an instant to consider what has just been said:

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
 But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are by the laws of Venice, confiscate
 Unto the State of Venice.

In the following poem there are many places where the audience needs time to reflect momentarily upon what has been said before the speaker passes on to the next thought. In the first stanza, time should be given for the listeners to consider the great spaces of time that have elapsed between the stages in creation represented by the different phrases.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A Fire-Mist and a planet,—a crystal and a cell,—
 A jelly-fish and a saurian, and the caves where the cave-
 men dwell;
 Then a sense of law and beauty, and a face turned from
 the clod,—
 Some call it Evolution, and others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon, the infinite, tender sky,
 The ripe, rich tints of the corn fields, and the wild geese
 sailing high,—

And all over upland and lowland the charm of the
goldenrod,—

Some of us call it Autumn, and others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach when the moon is new
and thin,

Into our hearts high yearnings come welling and surging
in,—

Come from the mystic ocean whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it Longing, and others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—a mother starved for her
brood,—

Socrates drinking the hemlock, and Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless, the straight,
hard pathway plod,—

Some call it Consecration, and others call it God.

—*William H. Carruth.*

We have also the pause of implication, which indicates something not expressed by the words,—a meaning between the lines. The following stanzas indicate such a pause:

At Paris it was, at the Opera there,
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With a wreath of pearls in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.
Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best to my taste is the *Trovatore*;
And Mario can thrill with a tenor note
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
“*Non ti scordar di me*”?

The Emperor there in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from his city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye,
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment under the old blue sky
To the old glad life in Spain.
Well! there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat
And hers on the stage hard by.

.

—Owen Meredith.
(From "*Aux Italiens*.")

THE PATRIOT

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?"—God might question; now, instead,
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

—*Robert Browning.*

After studying carefully both of these selections one realizes that much more is implied than is spoken. If the speaker appreciates fully the meaning between the lines he naturally pauses to give a vent for his thought and feeling. Often one's emotion is so strong as to make it necessary to pause for an instant. Such pauses as we have mentioned are oftentimes far more eloquent than words. We can easily distinguish between pauses that are made because of concentrated thinking and feeling, where the imagination of the speaker is appealing to the intuitive perception of the listener, and those that are made mechanically. It should be remembered that the punctuation marks in literature should not be followed slavishly. Such marks are used for grammatical purposes and may be mis-

leading at times in oral expression. We often pause in our own speech in places where there would be no grammatical reason for a punctuation mark. On the other hand we find punctuation marks in places where one would not naturally pause in regular speech. One must allow his thought and feeling to guide him entirely in such matters.

Rhythm and Time

All good literature has a certain undulating movement called *rhythm*. Poetry is characterized by a very decided rhythm. This measured flow is also noticeable in some prose, though not to such a marked degree. There are two extremes to which people go in reading verse: some allow the swing of the poetry to carry them away, and the result is that the thought is blurred; others are so anxious to make the thought clear that they sacrifice the rhythm entirely. Rhythm should be subordinate to the thought, usually, but if the speaker is sufficiently impressed with the atmosphere of the verse, he will not break the rhythm entirely, thus allowing the poetry to become common prose. Shakespearean verse and the poetry of Browning probably suffer more along this line than any other rhythmic literature. The thought is so involved that the reader has to be careful not to allow it to pass unnoticed as he follows the musical flow, and the result is that he loses the rhythm.

In many nonsense poems the rhythm should be purposely marked. The thought in such cases is of minor importance as compared with the strong

metrical effect. Edward Lear's nonsensical song, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," is an example of such verse.

Every person is governed by a certain rhythm, which is usually evident in his normal activities. When a reader is preparing a selection to give, he should take note of the general rhythm which the selection represents, and also the individual rhythm of the people who are portrayed. Each character will have a certain rhythm, and if the speaker wishes to interpret this character truly, he must study it sufficiently to get a conception of the person's rhythm, and then he must fall in with it as he reads. There may be several persons represented in a single selection, and the difference in their movements must be as marked as their voices. The rhythm of a little child would be very different from that of an adult, especially from that of an elderly person. The poem, "One, Two, Three," quoted elsewhere in this book, is an example of this.

Descriptive and narrative matter also vary in this movement. It is the business of the reader to get into the mood of the author to such an extent that he is identified with the rate of speed. This regulates the matter of *time* in a reading. It is useless to direct a person we are teaching to "read faster" or "read more slowly." The mechanical direction is a handicap rather than a help. If a suggestion can be made, either by question or by some other means, that will cause the student to *think* and *feel*, he will fall into the atmosphere of the selection, and this will cause him to read with the desired rate of movement.

PART II

ARTICULATION



CHAPTER IX

ARTICULATION EXERCISES

It has already been stated that back of all articulation drills is the feeling of sympathy with the audience and of responsibility on the part of the speaker to make himself heard; but intensive training for the organs of speech is often necessary before this desire can be made really effective. The purpose of the drills here outlined is to teach the organs of speech to respond quickly to thought and to relieve the muscles of the throat by making proper use of these organs and of the diaphragm.

One should think of the tone as starting at the diaphragm and terminating at the nostrils, the muscular contraction of the throat being relieved as soon as the speaker senses the connection between these two points. In the oral reading and other English classes the teacher must constantly remind the pupils of the correct forms practiced in the articulation drills. Some of the most valuable of these deal with the freeing of the organs of speech.

I. Exercise for Dropping the Jaw

1. Open the jaw about two finger-widths and say slowly: *mä, bä, pä*, testing the open position by measurement or with a mirror.

2. As soon as one has sensed this position, he should put a thought behind the syllables. He should remember the mechanical form at the time he is speaking, which he is not apt to do unless he has practiced combining it with the expression of thought.

3. Choose other words that require a free open position of the mouth. Any words or syllables having the sounds of short *a*, short *e*, short *o*, circumflex *o*, Italian *a*, and short Italian *a* are good for this. Keep sensing the open position as you say: "I want my hat." "My lords, I rise with astonishment!" "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward!" "Sail on and on."

If it is hard to release the tension at the hinge of the jaw, try yawning. This causes the jaw to drop naturally, and after sensing the action, one is able to imitate it in speaking.

4. Recite the following, taking care to open the mouth two finger-widths for each of the sounds we have mentioned. Keep the thought behind the words so that the action will become mechanical in regular speech. Probably one does not often open the mouth quite so wide when talking rapidly, but in drills one should exaggerate the form a little in order that it may call attention to itself enough to make an impression.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp

As friends remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

—*Shakespeare.*

(From "As You Like It.")

II. Exercise for Freeing the Lips and Making Them Serve

1. First, move the lips rapidly or bite them to make the blood flow freely through them.

2. Take extreme positions with the lips, moving quickly from a smile to a trumpet-shape. Sense the change. Use a mirror to see that the lips are rounded and not merely puckered.

3. Choose syllables and words that require these

extreme positions: ē-dē, ē-dō; ē-ōō, ōō-ō; ō-aw, aw-ah, ah-ā, ā-ē, ē-ōō, ōō-ō, etc. Repeat these changes over and over again till they are thoroughly fixed in your mind.

4. Take some sentences that require both forms, trying to keep the right position while expressing the thought: "Sleep, the innocent sleep." "Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." "So sweet it seems to me."

In ordinary speaking, one does not use the smiling position in making the front-scale vowels. During all speech a strong contraction should be made in the middle of the upper lip, causing it to protrude, as this trumpet-shape has a powerful effect upon the carrying of the tone. But the muscles of the face should move backward in pronouncing these vowel sounds, and it is hard to teach them to do this unless one first practices the smiling position, as it helps to increase the plasticity in the facial muscles. In nearly all exercises an extreme form is practiced first and then modified as good taste suggests.

III. Exercise for Developing the Tip of the Tongue

1. Imagine that the tongue is sharpened to a point like a lead pencil, and that you are using only that point. Pronounce the following: dō, (dī, dī, dī), dī; dā, dā, dō, dī; tā, tā, tō, tī; lā, lā, lō, lī; lē, lē, lē, lē, lē, lē; lī, lī, lī, lī, lī, lī, lī; lō, lō, lō, lō, lō, lō, lō, lō; lōō, lōō, lōō, lōō, lōō, lōō, lōō, lōō.

2. After sensing the activity in just the tip of the tongue, say some sentences that have the sound

of *t*, giving part of the attention to expressing the thought and part to restricting the action of the tongue to just the tip. Say: "Till the tongue of fancy tingles with the tang of muscadine." "Thou testy little dogmatist, thou pretty katy-did." "Two toads totally tired trying to trot to Tadbury."

Keep a close mental control over what you are saying, thinking of each syllable as you pronounce it.

4. Recite the following poems, keeping watch in the same way of the delicate, accurate pronunciation of the sounds that may be made with just the tip of the tongue.

THE BROOK

Little brook, little brook,
 You have such a happy look,
 Such a very merry manner
 As you swerve and curve and crook,
 And your ripples, one and one
 Reach each other's hands, and run
 Like laughing little children in the sun.

Little brook, sing to me;
 Sing about a bumblebee
 That tumbled from a lily-bell
 And grumbled mumblingly,
 Because he wet the film
 Of his wings and had to swim,
 While the water-bugs raced 'round and laughed
 at him.

Little brook, sing a song
 Of a leaf that raced along,
 Down the golden braided center
 Of your current, swift and strong;

And a dragon fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen
To your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook, laugh and leap;
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer
Till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing, soft and low,
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

From the Biographical Edition of the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley.
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HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful;
Or hide your face from the light of day,
Like a craven soul and fearful?
O, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce—
Be proud of your blackened eye.
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts,
But how did you fight, and why?

And though you be done to the death—what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men—
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl or he comes with a pounce;
But if he be slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, how did you die?

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

IV. Exercises for the Whole Tongue

1. Practice trilling *r* to loosen the tongue and make it flexible. Say: rattle, rat-a-tat, pride, prim, prince, bring, bride, brisk. Trill each *r* as much as possible in the practice; but in ordinary conversation one turn of the tongue is sufficient.

2. Run the tongue out as far as possible and then fold it back at the tip.

3. Make a lapping movement, trying to do it in rhythm. This will prove to you how unresponsive the tongue sometimes is.

4. Use tongue-twisters, trying to say the different combinations smoothly and rapidly: "Six thick thistle sticks." "Flesh of freshly fried flying-fish." "She sells sea shells on the sea shore, and he says he shall sell sea shells on the sea shore." "The lad determined to thwart this plan and do aright." "She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop, welcoming him in."

It is well to say each one three times in succession. Such drill trains the tongue to respond quickly to thought and enables one to speak rapidly and distinctly at the same time. All thought should be centered upon the word or syllable that is being pronounced, and the tongue should not be allowed to begin a new one till it is finished.

5. Recite the following stanza, taking care to say each word very distinctly.

Fairy: Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see.
Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

—*Shakespeare.*

(From Scene I, Act II, "Midsummer-Night's Dream.")

Before outlining the next exercises, which are for the front-placement of sounds, a word of explanation is necessary. Some people become confused over the terms *tone-direction*, sometimes called *tone-placement*, which means directing the tones where they will be able to ring in the resonance chamber to gain overtones, and *front-place-*

ment of consonant sounds, which refers to shooting them forward to the lips. There is little difference in the meaning, for all tones are supposed to terminate at the nostrils or upper lip; but in emphasizing the need of strong explosive effects in pronouncing consonants, many teachers of articulation are apt to dismiss for the time being the use of the resonance chambers of the nose and throat and center all the thought upon directing the sounds through the mouth to the lips. Many of the consonants are formed in the back of the mouth, and are apt to remain there, blurred and obscure, unless one learns the trick of bringing them forward instantly to the lips. One should fix in the mind a mental picture of all the consonants exploding at this point. Some are aspirates and do not respond to resonance to any extent, so the important thing is to get them to the front. With practice, one learns to do this mechanically, and then is able to combine the art with tone-direction. All the vowels and many of the consonants readily respond to resonance, and one may bring them front and let them float in the resonance chambers simultaneously. If one does not consciously make this combination, but lets the tone float in the mouth cavity only, the sounds are thin and flat.

V. Exercises for Developing Front-Placement

1. Begin with sounds that are made on the lips. Pronounce with strong explosion: pē, pā, pī, pō, pōō; bē, bā, bī, bō, bōō; mē, mā, mī, mō, mōō; wē, wā, wī, wō, wōō; whē, whā, whī, whō, whōō; fē, fā, fī, fō, fōō; vē, vā, vī, vō, vōō.

2. Test the strength of the explosion by saying the same syllables in a light staccato manner.

3. Say the same syllables in a normal manner, allowing the tones to float in the resonance chambers, and at the same time keeping the force gained by the strong explosions.

4. After sensing this placing at the lips, bring all the sounds that are made with the tip of the tongue to the same point. Say: *tē, tā, tī, tō, tōō*; *dē, dā, dī, dō, dōō*; *lē, lā, lī, lō, lōō*; *nē, nā, nī, nō, nōō*; etc.

5. Take the sounds that are made by arching the tongue in the middle. Say: *shē, shā, shī, shō, shōō*; *yē, yā, yī, yō, yōō*.

6. Lastly, take the sounds that are made in the back of the mouth, shooting them forward like the rest to the lips, as soon as they are formed. Say: *kē, kā, kī, kō, kōō*; *gē, gā, gī, gō, gōō*. This is the hard sound of *g*.

7. Practice with the following poems, taking care to give to each sound the benefit of all the explosive power.

All vocalized sounds like *m, n, l*, and *ng*, should be allowed to float in the resonance chambers for overtones; but all consonants, whether aspirates or vocals, should be sent to the lips. This front-placement of sounds with the explosive effect and the use of the lips cannot be over-estimated in value. If one imagines that his audience includes both deaf and blind people, he will take pains to help the deaf people by using a decided lip movement, while for the blind folk, he will make an effort to send all his tones front in order that they may gain all the overtones possible.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS-BILL

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness,
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the cross-bill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accurséd mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CHAPTER X

VOWELS

After these exercises have been drilled upon for some time, the form of each consonant and vowel should be studied carefully, and practice should be given for the correct pronunciation of them all. Webster's Dictionary gives a key to pronunciation which accurately describes the correct position of the organs of speech in forming the sounds, so not much space need be given to that here; but it is well to call attention to some sounds that are often mispronounced.

The fourteen fundamental vowel sounds are divided into four scales, classified according to the position of the organs of speech in forming them. The front scale includes the sounds made by arching the tongue in the front of the mouth, toward the hard palate, leaving a narrow space for the emission of breath for the first sound and lowering it with the jaw one degree for each successive sound, in passing down the scale. The mouth is drawn back at the corners, but the middle of the upper lip should be protruded slightly to keep the trumpet-shape for directing the sound. The vowels in this scale are long *e*, short *i*, long *a*, short *e*, and short *a*.

The top scale vowels require the tongue to be arched a little farther back in the mouth than it is for the front scale. It moves upward toward the hard palate for the sounds *û* and *ẽ*, which are practically identical, and drops with the jaw one degree for the other sound in the scale, short Italian *a*. The corners of the mouth are contracted slightly.

The tongue is arched toward the soft palate in the back of the mouth for the first sound in the back scale, short *u*, and then drops nearly flat in the mouth for the second sound, Italian *a*. The jaw drops considerably for the first of these sounds and then drops still more for the second. The lips are passive for both sounds.

The round back scale requires the same backward position of the tongue that is used in the back scale, but the lips are trumpet-shaped and very active, for they modify the sounds as much as the tongue does. The tongue rises quite high for the first sound, and then drops with the jaw one degree for each successive sound in passing down the scale till one gets to the fifth sound. The same position of the tongue is used in both the fourth and the fifth sounds, but the lips are rounded less in forming the fifth. The jaw drops lower for the fifth sound than it does for the fourth. This scale includes long *oo*, short *oo*, long *o*, circumflex *o* and short *o*.

Glides are complex sounds, made by changing the tongue from one scale to another, thus producing a double sound. Circumflex *a*, long *i*, long *u*, *ow* and *oi* are glides. These sounds are also called diphthongs. Long *a* and long *o* have a double

sound in the English language, but the second part, the vanishing sound, is made by changing the tongue to another position in the same scale.

Some people find it difficult to pronounce short Italian *a* in *ask*, *class*, *pass*, etc. They pronounce it either like short *a* as in *hät* or like Italian *a* as in *ärm*. It has been noted that this troublesome sound is in the top scale, midway between the scales where the others are formed. One may get the right pronunciation by saying a word having short *a* first. Pronounce *hät*, noting the position of the tongue and lips; then draw the tongue back a little and draw in the corners of the mouth. The sound has changed to short Italian *a*. Then drop the tongue, release the corners of the mouth and lower the jaw. The sound has become Italian *a*.

Notice that it takes much longer to pronounce this sound than it did the other two, owing to the necessity of drawing the tongue down so low. As this sound is also confused by some people with short *o*, it might be well to emphasize the correct position of the organs in forming it. It is the only vowel sound that can be made with the flattened position of the tongue and the free open jaw, and it ought to be full and musical, as the tone is allowed to pour unobstructed from the throat through the cavity of the mouth. Form the habit of pushing the tongue against the lower teeth when you start to say it, as that flattens the tongue.

If one will practice enough to teach the organs all these tricks they will act mechanically after awhile. One must see that the tone does not stay in the back of the mouth, where it is formed, but

that it is directed to the nostrils. Combine it with *m* and other humming sounds to secure this placement. Practice saying Märne, märt, Märtha, bärd, läugh, äunt, cälm, pärt, färther, fäther, älms, ärms. Drop the tongue low each time and note the full, rich tone. Then take words having short Italian *a*. Change the position of the tongue and lips and pronounce: stäff, gläss, bāth, pāth, mäst, hälf. The difference is apparent. Go then to the front scale and say: hăt, măt, händ, länd, bänd, lăd, căt, căn. This practice should fix the habits, so the pronunciation will be accurate at all times.

Short *o* is often confused with Italian *a* or circumflex *o*. The tongue is in about the same position for all three sounds, but the lips change considerably. From the position of Italian *a*, where the lips are passive, draw them forward a little till they are slightly trumpet-shaped. This makes short *o*. Then round them still more till you have a decided trumpet-shape, and lift the lower jaw. This makes circumflex *o* as in *fôr* or the broad *a* sound as in *all*. Some words like *dög* are pronounced in three different ways by different people: *däg*, *dög* (which is correct), and *dôg*. It is simply a matter of rounding the lips slightly and keeping the mouth well open for the correct pronunciation of short *o*.

When short *o* occurs in words with *f*, *v* or any other sound that requires a close position of the lips, the sound of short *o* verges toward circumflex *o*, and it is marked thus: ôffice, fônd, vôlely. The lips are rounded a little more than they are in words like *döll*, *lôt*, *söd*, etc., and the jaw is lifted a little more.

Circumflex *a* also gives trouble. People often pronounce it like short *a* in words like *hâre*, *fâir*, *there*, etc. It is a double sound, beginning with one verging on short *e* and gliding into *r* which is in the top scale of consonant sounds. Practice saying *bewâre*; take *câre*; *âiry*, *fâiry*,—listening to the gliding sound and seeing to it that the beginning is nearer short *e* than short *a*.

By some people, *ow* is pronounced incorrectly. It is considered by most authorities to be a combination of Italian *a* and short *oo*. The incorrect pronunciation is the result of beginning with short *a* instead of Italian *a*. We then get *c(ă)w* instead of *c(ä)w*. One should pronounce the sounds separately several times and then blend them. Say *ä*, *oo*; *ä*, *oo*; *ä*, *oo*; then say them in combination: *ow*, *ow*, *ow*. Much practice is needed to eradicate a fault like the one mentioned above. One must have the right sound in mind; otherwise it is useless to try to get it.

People sometimes mispronounce long *u* in words like *tune*, *duty*, *duke* and *nude*. In England the first part of this diphthong is *y*, gliding into long *oo*. In America, we are apt to make the first part of the sound short *i*. This first part of the sound, in both England and America, is omitted in words where the *u* is preceded by *r*, *ch*, *j* or *l* preceded by a consonant. Examples of such words are *rule*, *chew*, *June*, and *blue*. These words would be pronounced *rōol*, *chōō*, *Jōon* and *blōō*. In other words however, like *dew*, *lūte*, etc., either the *y* or the short *i* sound should precede the vanishing sound of long *oo*. *Mūsic* is easy to say, and words like *tūne*, *lūnacy*,

dūne and dūpe should be practiced with it, taking care that the sound in each word has its full value.

Long *i* is also a diphthong, composed of two separate sounds, Italian *a* and short *i*. One should practice dropping the jaw for the first part and lifting it for the second. It will be noted that the tongue is flat for the first half and lifted toward the hard palate in the front of the mouth for the second.

Long *a* and long *o* are also diphthongal in sound. They are made by beginning in one position in the scale and finishing in another position in the same scale. Originally these sounds were not diphthongal, but the majority of English-speaking people give the vanishing sound at the end of the element now. Foreigners who are learning our language do not do this, but pronounce the sounds with only the first position in the scale. One can help them to get the diphthongal effect by being careful to lift his tongue for the end or vanishing part of the sound, and calling their attention to it.

Long *e*, short *i*, short *e*, short *a*, short *u*, long *oo*, and short *oo* usually present no difficulties. One should see that the organs of speech are in the correct position and that the tones are directed toward the nostrils. The first four of these sounds, especially, need attention in this particular, as they are made in the front of the mouth, where there is little chance for overtones, and are apt to be thin and flat if they are not carried into the resonance chambers.

Practice combining them with the humming sound meet, mīt, māte, mēt, māt; make me a mat.

The long sounds of *a*, *e* and *o* are obscured in unaccented syllables, and are marked in this way:

senāte, dêtail, ôbey. One must be careful not to cut the sound too short.

Some people find it hard to distinguish between *û* and *ẽ*. *Û* is used in words like fur, purr and curve; also in her, girl, worse, etc., which are monosyllabic, and in the accented syllables of words like further, myrtle, and fertile. *Ê* is used in the unaccented syllables of words like father, fakir, doctor, femur, and altar.

It has already been said that these sounds are in the top scale, and are formed by arching the tongue toward the middle of the hard palate. There is less pressure in forming *ẽ* than there is in forming *û*, and the result is that the *e* sound is not so marked as that of the *û*.

Practice with poems like the following, first marking carefully the correct pronunciation of each vowel, especially of those that are likely to be troublesome.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
 But he, with a chuckle, replied
 That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
 Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
 So he started right in with a bit of a grin
 On his face—if he worried, he hid it.
 He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody said, "Oh, you'll never do that,—
 At least, no one ever has done it."
 But he took off his hat and he took off his coat,
 And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands that tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands that prophesy failure;
There are thousands that point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin;
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done, and you'll do it.

“DOWN TO SLEEP”

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie “down to sleep.”

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie “down to sleep.”

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of “good-night,”

And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD

"Where are you going, Young Fellow My Lad,
On this glittering morn of May?"

"I'm going to join the Colors, Dad;
They're looking for men, they say."

"But you're only a boy, Young Fellow My Lad;
You aren't obliged to go."

"I'm seventeen and a quarter, Dad,
And ever so strong, you know."

* * *

"So you're off to France, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you're looking so fit and bright."

"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Dad,
But I feel that I'm doing right."

"God bless you and keep you, Young Fellow My Lad,
You're all of my life, you know."

"Don't worry, I'll soon be back, dear Dad,
And I'm awfully proud to go."

* * *

"Why don't you write, Young Fellow My Lad?
I watch for the post each day;
And I miss you so, and I'm awfully sad,
And it's months since you went away."

And I've had the fire in the parlor lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright
Till my boy comes home; and here I sit
Into the quiet night."

* * *

"What is the matter, Young Fellow My Lad?
No letter again to-day.
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid:
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound;
But oh, I'm afraid, afraid."

* * *

"They've told me the truth, Young Fellow My Lad:
You'll never come back again:
(*Oh God! The dreams and the dreams I've had,
And the hopes I've nursed in vain!*)
For you passed in the night, Young Fellow My Lad,
And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best.

"So you'll live, you'll live, Young Fellow My Lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the child,
In all sweet things that are.
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you."

—Robert W. Service.

NOTE

The latest editions of Webster's Dictionary have been used as authority in the classification and diacritical markings of the speech sounds, because most of the primary-school textbooks are based upon that standard. Probably in a few years the system of markings used by the New English Dictionary will come into use and it may be interesting to teachers to compare the following abridged table of vowel markings, which has been approved by the International Board of Phoneticians, with those used in the schools at present.

VOWELS

ORDINARY

a as in *artistic*
 æ as in *pass*
 ă as in *hat*
 au as in *loud*
 v as u in *cut*
 i as in *find*
 e as in *yet*
 i as in *bit*
 o as a in *what*
 u as in *push*
 o as oy in *boy*

LONG

ā as in *father*
 v̄ as u in *urge*
 ā as a in *mate*
 ē as in *fern*
 ē as in *there*
 ī as in *machine*
 iū as u in *accuse*
 ō as in *note*
 ō as in *bore*
 ō as a in *all*
 ū as oo in *boot*

OBSCURE

ă as in *about*
 e as in *separate*
 i as in *vanity*
 i as e in *remain*
 o as in *theory*
 o as au in *audacious*

CHAPTER XI

CONSONANTS

The forming of the consonants is very complex, because, with the exception of *h*, more than one organ of speech is used in the process. The dictionary classifies the consonants according to the most pronounced activity in forming them. Our purpose in briefly discussing them is to call attention to a few important points that are necessary to keep in mind if one wishes to obtain the best results.

The lips are very active in forming *p*, *b*, *m*, *wh*, *w*, *f*, *v*, and all the arts learned in the use of the lips should be practiced.

In forming *p*, the lips are shut at first, allowing the breath to accumulate; then they are separated to let the breath rush out in an explosion. The sound is not finished till the separation occurs. The perfection of the sound depends largely upon the amount of energy put into the lips. Say: *pup*, *pray*, *praise*, *part*, *reap*, *keep*. *Peep* behind her.

The lips are in the same position for *b*, but we add voice to the sound. When pronouncing it alone, be careful to stop short at the time the lips separate, avoiding the effect of *bũ* or *bĩ*. Say it over several times to test this point. Then pronounce words

either beginning or ending with *b*: blow, belt, bird, burn, blaze, blast, beat, bullet, battle. Note the significance of the words when they are pronounced with the proper explosive effect. Practice with the following poems, trying to get the required force for each *p* or *b*.

BROKEN DOLLS

My baby's dolls are broken—there's a missing leg or
arm;
And one indeed has lost her head, but none has lost her
charm.
For be they old, or be they new, or be they large or small,
Within her heart so warm and true she loves and keeps
them all.

How like a mother's perfect love, for though her children
mar
And bruise their precious heads and hearts with many a
stain and scar;
In hope's deserted playhouse, filled with shattered lives
of men
She gathers all her broken dolls and kisses them again.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

For *m*, close the lips firmly and let the sound ring in the nose. Energy put into the pressure improves the sound. Say: mild, miles, merry, Mary, me, maid, made, mall, moving. "Among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall."

THE EPOCH ENDS, THE WORLD IS STILL

The epoch ends, the world is still.
The age has talked and worked its fill—
The famous orators have shone,
The famous poets come and gone,
The famous men of war have fought,
The famous speculators thought,
The famous players, sculptors wrought,
The famous painters fill'd their wall,
The famous critics judged them all.
The combatants are parted now—
Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
The puissant crowned, the weak laid low.
And in the after-silence sweet,
Now strifes are hushed, our ears doth meet,
Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
Of this or that down-trodden name,
Delicate spirits washed away
In the hot press of the noonday.
And o'er the plain, where the dead age
Did its now silent warfare wage—
O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
Where many a splendor finds its tomb,
Many spent fames and fallen nights—
The one or two immortal lights
Rise slowly up into the sky
To shine there everlastingly,
Like stars over the bounding hill.
The epoch ends, the world is still.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

The sound of *w* begins with long *oo*, but as it ends, the tongue is drawn closer to the soft palate, causing a slight friction which gives the effect of a consonant. As in pronouncing *m*, the best results

are obtained only when there is a good deal of energy in the lips. Say: well, wee, work, woe, wand. With weeping willows whispering, waving withes whimpering. We wish to work with wonderful watchfulness. It will be noted that the voice is used in *w*.

The sound *wh* was spelled originally *hw*. The organs are in the same position as for *w*, but the perfection of the sound requires a decided sound of *h* at the beginning. Some people omit this, giving the effect of *w'ile*, *w'ich*, *w'at*, *w'en*. Practice saying *h-wich*, *h-wile*, *h-wen*, etc., noting the sound of *h* with its explosive force. Then blend the sounds of *h* and *w*. The *h* sound makes an aspirate out of the combination.

For *f*, place the upper teeth at the inner edge of the lower lip, forming a divided aperture, and allow the breath to escape energetically. Say: flash, flaunt, fret, fume, flatter,—noting the added significance given to the words by the explosive quality.

In *v*, the organs are in the same position, but the voice is added. This sound is easily carried into the resonance chambers. Say: vicious, very, volume, victory, allowing the tones to gain as much resonance as possible. Do not let the lips become soft and lifeless.

Recite the following poems, keeping in mind the correct pronunciation of these two sounds.

IF

IF YOU can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for the doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, or talk too wise:

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

THE SILVER STRIPES

When we've honored the heroes returning from France,
When we've mourned for the heroes who fell,
When we've done all we can for the home-coming man,
Who stood to the shot and the shell,
Let us all keep in mind those who lingered behind—
The thousands who waited to go—
The brave and the true who did all they could do,
Yet have only the silver to show.

They went from their homes at the summons for men,
They drilled in the heat of the sun,
They fell into line with a pluck that was fine;
Each cheerfully shouldered a gun;
They were ready to die for Old Glory on high,
They were eager to meet with the foe;
They were just like the rest of our bravest and best,
Though they've only the silver to show.

Their bodies stayed here, but their spirits were there;
And the men, who looked death in the face
For the cause, had no fear, for they knew waiting here,
There were many to fill up each place.
Oh, the ships came and went till the battle was spent,
And the tyrant went down with the blow!
Yet he still might have reigned, but for those who remained
And have only the silver to show.

So here's to the soldiers who never saw France,
And here's to the boys unafraid!
Let us give them their due; they were glorious, too,
And it isn't their fault that they stayed,

They were eager to share in the sacrifice there;
Let them share in the peace that we know.
For we know they were brave by the service they gave,
Though they've only the silver to show.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

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Th has two sounds, the aspirate and the vocal. They give the most forward action to the tongue. For the first sound place the tongue against the upper teeth at the edge, allowing the breath to escape over the sides of the tongue, with a good deal of force. Take care not to let the tongue project outside the teeth, as this takes away from the definiteness of the sound. Say: think, thought, through, thrift, death, oath, sixth, fifth, births, deaths.

For vocal *th* keep the tongue in the same position and add voice. Say: this, there, their, lithe, mouths, bathe, wreathes. Custom vocalizes a few words in the plural that are aspirate in the singular.

Say the following, watching the tongue with a mirror to see that it is kept just at the edge of the teeth:

With this and that to sing with thought.

“Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.”

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,

The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*
(From "Sir Galahad.")

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worth while seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world "agin" you.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*
(From "The Thousandth Man.")

In *s*, the whole tongue is arched, the tip coming close to the hard palate, near the upper gum, forming a very narrow aperture for the emission of breath, which comes hissing over the fore part of the tongue. One must see to it that the teeth are in the right position to allow for a perfect hiss. It takes little to spoil the effect. In most cases the teeth should just meet, but this depends upon other conditions in a person's mouth. Say the following: *s-th-s*; *ss-sh-th-s*. Repeat the changes several times, trying to sense the position of the tongue in each case. Say: suicide, mosque, race, assists, bursts, gifts, jousts, lists, guests, kiss. Do not let the *sh* or the *th* creep into the hiss, and do not omit the *t* sound in words like the latter.

For *z*, the position is the same as for *s*, but we add the voice. Say: doze, rose, zest, zenith, zigzag. Take care not to give the *zh* sound. Keep the tongue near the front, so that it may be easily controlled.

The element *r* is produced when the breath is directed over the upturned tip of the tongue so as to cause it to vibrate. According to Webster's Dictionary, our language has two forms of *r*. The first is known as trilled, rough or initial *r*, and according to some authorities it should be used only for platform or stage presentation. It should occur only at the beginning of a word or closely following the initial consonant. In England, *r* is often trilled in the middle of words like "merry," "America," "very," etc. This is not done in America except in cases where one wishes to be unusually distinct. Trilled *r* may be used in ordinary conversation with good effect, but only one turn of the tongue is required. However, when one is speaking before a large audience, several vibrations are allowable.

To form trilled *r*, the tongue is relaxed, allowing the fore part to vibrate with the air which passes over it. Say: roar, rich, run, reel, rake, trilling the *r*'s as much as possible. Unite it with some initial consonant: proof, brook, grew, gross, grave, dry, pry, prove, brave, France. Try to see how many vibrations you can make.

In order to pronounce words like these with just one turn of the tongue, one should be able to make a good many, but should stop the trill on the first one.

The other sound of *r* is smooth and is used in the

middle or at the end of a word. Some people trill this sound also, but it should not be done, as it suggests a dialect or affectation. To form the sound of smooth *r*, the tongue should be raised just enough to mould the passing stream of air, but it should not yield to it.

Some people omit this sound entirely, giving the effect of *ve'b* for verb; *wo'se* for worse, and *motheh* for mother. If one watches the tongue in pronouncing these words correctly, he will see that in order to give a clear pronunciation of *r* after *û* or *ẽ* the tip must be lifted toward the hard palate in front, immediately after the tongue has been arched toward the top of the mouth in forming the vowel sounds. If it is put too far back, the sound has a covered, awkward effect. Many people west of the Alleghanies err in this respect.

The same people who omit the sound where it should be, usually insert it in places where it should not occur. They often insert *r* between two words like *saw* and *it*, where the first word ends in a vowel sound and the second one begins with a vowel sound. In words like *hearing*, where *r* comes between two vowel sounds such as *e* and *i*, one must pronounce the *r* more distinctly than he would in the word *her*, where it occurs at the end of a word. This may account for this same person's error in inserting the *r* between the words *saw* and *it*, resulting in *saw (r) it* and other like errors, such as *Saratoga (r) is won*; *draw(r)ing*, *idea(r)*, etc.

One can break himself of this habit by sensing the position of the tongue in each vowel and passing smoothly from one to the other.

Some give the sound of *w* where the *r* should be, pronouncing the word very as if it were spelled ve(w)y. They do not allow the tongue to move at all at the tip. One can correct this fault, especially with little children in the primary grades, by showing them how to hold the tongue. If the child has a mirror, he can compare his own position with that of the teacher.

Practice with this poem:

YANKEE DOODLE, 1917

A foe to freedom seeks by might
To drive us from the sea, sir,
And shall we yield without a fight
The birthright of the free, sir?

Yankee Doodle, draw your sword,
Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Yankee Doodle, draw your sword,
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

By stealth he creeps beneath the wave
To slaughter all who sail, sir,
Shall we whose fathers were so brave,
To prove our courage fail, sir?

He's sunk our ships, he's held their crews,
Defied us by his acts, sir,
Shall we submit to such abuse,
Or hold him to the facts, sir?

We've sent him notes, we've warned him, too,
That strict accounts are due, sir;
He's torn the notes and treaties, too,—
You bet we'll see it through, sir!

We'll arm our ships, we'll man our fleets,
We'll rally to the flag, sir;
We'll crush the foe beneath our feet
Who tramples on our flag, sir.

For justice we shall take our stand,
And when our cause is right, sir,
We want the world to understand
We're not too proud to fight, sir.

—*Charles Carroll.*

For *l*, the tip of the tongue is placed against the upper gum, where it meets the teeth, allowing the current of air to float over the sides of the tongue. Pronounce musically, listening for overtones: lonely, lonesome, longing, lovely lyric, melody. "Little, lisping Laura Lee; I'll love no lovely one but thee." "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll."

In forming *t*, the tip of the tongue is placed against the upper teeth where they meet the gum, allowing the breath to accumulate for an instant and then rush forth with a sharp explosion. Center the thought upon the extreme tip of the tongue and use that part as you pronounce delicately: take, touch, heart, till, tan, tittle, tattle, tiny, tune, tender.

In *d*, the position is the same, but we add voice. This sound, like *v* and *l*, is easily floated in the resonance chambers and one should make the most of every opportunity to gain overtones, as each musical sound helps to carry along the ones that are not vibrant.

Pronounce with just the tip of the tongue, listening to the ringing quality, where it occurs: done, drudge, lead, dainty, delight, dance, dream, did.

Watch for the *t* and *d* sounds in these poems:

SONG

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness and doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

For *n*, place the tip of the tongue against the upper gum where it meets the teeth and hold it there, letting it ring in the nose. Pronounce musically, listening for overtones: never, ninny-nonny, neat, nest, nearer than ever before; never, no never.

Recite the following, trying to keep the humming sound you gain on the *n* going all the time.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU

Do you come nearer day by day
To the port where your dreams all anchored lie?
Or do you sail farther and far away
In an angry sea with a sullen sky?
Do you come nearer the Ought-to-be
In the wagon you hitched to a distant star?
Or do you drift on hopelessly,
Content to bide with the Things-that-are?

Are you a Drone or a Do-it-now?
A Hurry-up or a Wait-a-while?
A Do-it-so or an Anyhow?
A Cheer-up-boys or a Never-smile?
It's none of my business, that I know,
For you are the captain and mate and crew
Of that ship of yours, but Where-you-go
Depends on the What-and-how-you-do.

Are you a Yes or May-be-so?
Are you a Will or a Guess-you'll-be?
A Come-on-lads or a Let's-not-go?
A Yes-I-will or an Oh-I'll-see?
It isn't the least concern of mine,
I know that well, but as time endures,
When they thresh the wheat and store the wine,
You'll find it a big concern of yours.

—*James W. Foley.*

TRUE KNIGHTHOOD

Ah, nothing more knightly or noble than this is:
To think what is true despite hatred and hisses;
To speak what is just despite jesting or jeering,
To do what is right without falt'ring or fearing.

Ah, nothing than this is more knightly or noble:
To help and to heal the sad spirit in trouble;
To hearten and cheer the poor comrade distressful,
And rally him back to a battle successful.

Ah, nothing's more noble than this or more knightly:
To bear one's own burden serenely and lightly,
To hide one's own wound when its pain is the keenest,
And smile when one's joys are the least and the leanest.

Ah, nothing's more knightly or noble than living
To spend one's self, Christ-like, in loving and giving,
Clean-hearted within and kind-hearted to others—
Is not this the seal of True Knighthood, my brothers!
—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

For *sh*, the tongue is drawn backward toward the top of the mouth, allowing quite a space at the front. Push the air energetically over the curve thus made. Say: shrill, shine, she, shirt, shine, sheen. Say over rapidly three times: Six shining silver ships. Sense the change of position of the tongue in changing from the sound of *sh* to that of *z*.

The organs are in the same position for *zh*, but we add the voice. Say: measure, treasure, leisure, regime, azure.

Recite the following, listening for the correct sounds. She stands on the shining shore washing sails. Susan Shiner shines shoes. She shields herself from the sun with a scarlet, shimmering parasol.

For *y*, arch the tongue toward the roof of the mouth, a little higher up than for *ẽ*. Say: years, yours, yes, sensing the position.

Back the tongue against the soft palate for *k*, allowing the breath to accumulate for an instant and rush out explosively. Say: kill, kiss, king, kick, strike, hike.

For *g* (hard), the position is the same, but we add voice. Say energetically: girl, gig, egg, rag, leg, example, luxuriate.

Repeat the following, making an effort to get the strong explosive sound.

THE REVEILLE

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—

Saying: "Come,
Freemen, come!

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming
drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"

But the drum

Echoed: "Come!

Death shall reap the greater harvest," said the solemn
sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Ever greater ills become?"

But the drum
Answered: "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee
answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Shall my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum
Answered: "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—
Come!"

This they answered, hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming,
Said: "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum
Lo! was dumb;
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing answered:
"Lord, we come!" —*Bret Harte.*

For *ng*, the organs are in the same position, but the tongue is allowed to remain near the soft palate as the tone rings in the nose. Pronounce slowly and musically, listening for overtones: ringing, singing, among, strung, strong.

This sound is often distorted by people who leave off the final *g* in words ending in *ing*. They say writin' for writing, singin' for singing, doin' for doing.

In reciting this poem look out for the final sound of *ng*.

LIFE, LOVE AND DEATH

Living and loving and dying,
Life is complete in the three.
Smiling or sobbing or sighing,
Which is for you or for me?
Hoping and struggling and striving,
Dreaming success by and by;
But whether we're driven or driving,
We live and we love and we die.

Aiming and hitting and missing,
Life is complete in the three.
The fickle world praising or hissing,
Which is for you or for me?
Striding or limping or creeping,
Time drives us heartlessly by;
Meeting and parting and weeping,
We live and we love and we die.

Yearning, rejoicing and mourning,
Life is complete in the three.
Sackcloth or garland adorning,
Which is for you and for me?
The web of our little day stretched,
Meshes a sob or a sigh;
Joyful or joyless or wretched,
We live and we love and we die.

Wishing and fearing and fretting,
Life is complete in the three.
The world's remembrance or forgetting,
Which is for you or for me?
Gnarled and knotted and tangled
The skeins of our little lives lie;
Mud-spattered or jewel-bespangled,
We live and we love and we die.

—James W. Foley.

These last six sounds are formed in the top and the back of the mouth, and care must be taken to shoot them forward just as soon as they are formed. If there is a chance for overtones, one must see that each sound floats in the nose and comes out at the nostrils.

Recite the following poems, trying to keep the thought and feeling behind the words, and at the same time listen for the liquid, humming tones.

SPINNING-WHEEL SONG

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.

"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."

"'Tis the ivy, dear Mother, against the glass flapping."

"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

"'Tis the sound, Mother dear, of the summer wind
dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring.
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I
wonder?"

"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly bush under."

"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun'?"
There's a form at the casement, the form of her true
love,—

And he whispers with face bent, "I'm waiting for you,
love:

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly;
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
 brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring.
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat,—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, turns the wheel with the
 other.

Lazily, easily swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower and slower and slower the wheel swings;
Lower and lower and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are
 roving.

—*John Francis Waller.*

CHAPTER XII

PRACTICE

The question is often asked, how long must a person practice before he can begin to see an improvement. This naturally depends upon the nature of the fault, how firmly it is established, and upon one's mental grasp of the matter. It is useless to work without a clear understanding of both the theory and practice regarding the correction of any bad habit. It is incredible how rapidly one can improve if one works thoughtfully, regularly and systematically, following the logical order of the exercises.

People ask, also, as to when, where and how often to practice. It is well to work a little while at a time and do it frequently. If a person can give an hour a day, it is better to divide it into six periods of ten minutes each than to take it all at one time. This prevents fatigue, which naturally comes when one is using muscles and organs that are unaccustomed to work, and it also saves any injury which might come to the voice before one has learned to use it correctly. Then one is more likely to remember the forms if he returns to them frequently in practice. If one cannot spare an hour a day, he should give as much time as possible.

The value of the foregoing exercises lies in the fact that they contain the best forms and sounds to establish the correct production and placement of sounds and to teach the right use of the organs of speech. But it is one thing to have a model sound in mind and another to live up to it. If it is true that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," it is equally certain that constant attention is needed to work a desired change in any physical habit. As we have said, one must have in mind the ideal, know the fault that prevents attaining it, and then go to work faithfully and intelligently to work a change. One must constantly apply the forms he uses in his practice to all his vocal utterances; otherwise the practice is of little value. This becomes automatic after a time so that, with the exception of a passing thought as to posture and the right placing and volume of tone at the start, one needs to give but little attention to the mechanical side of the matter.

At present, because of the crowded programs, much of the practice with school children has to be done "in concert." This is better than none at all, but the teacher should give as much individual help as she can. Many little children who cannot talk plainly, as well as foreigners who are just learning our sounds, could be taught to speak correctly if the teacher were able to show the right position of the organs in forming each of the elements that go to make up our language. A mirror is of inestimable value in working with such cases, for they can thus see their own organs and compare their positions with those of the teacher.

Parents are constantly taking their children to specialists for help that might be given by any teacher if she were willing to give a little thought and time to her own development. The teacher should surely be a model for her pupils to copy. Many people who stammer can be helped at once by the use of simple exercises to develop instant response of the organs to thought. Such drill requires clear, definite thinking, and a conscious relationship between brain and tongue. Slovenly speech or stammering is often but the reflection of careless and indefinite thinking.

Some teachers go so far as to advocate a chart system, resembling the medical records for each child, to show progress in voice and articulation work. These cards are supposed to start with the pupil in the first grade and follow him along from grade to grade, marked by the teachers. With or without charts, the teacher might note defective speech when it comes within her jurisdiction, and feel that development along that line is as important as any other.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when this work will be considered just as much a part of the regular school program as the so-called essentials,—that it is as necessary to general culture as any other line of education. For not only will the correct use of the voice and distinct speech make one a more successful teacher or public speaker, but it adds immeasurably to the pleasure of any one who listens.



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